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Town Official paper.

# Berkeley Gazette

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GAZETTE works day and night.

TOWN OFFICIAL PAPER.

BERKELEY, CAL., TUESDAY DECEMBER 24, 1895

NUMBER 37

VOLUME III.

## BERKELEY'S OFFICERS.

### BRIEF WRITEUPS OF THE LEGIS- LATIVE BRANCHES.

And of the Marshal, Clerk, Attorney, Street Super-  
intendent, Engineer, Health Officer  
and other Town Officers.

#### How the Town is Governed.

The legislative branch of the town government is composed of seven trustees who meet every two weeks and transact a large amount of business, a Board of Education composed of seven members, a Board of Library Trustees of five members. The executive officers consist of a Marshal and two deputies, a clerk, treasurer and office tax collector, an assessor, attorney, engineer, street superintendent and deputy health officer, sanitary inspector, official numberer, poundmaster and two justices of the peace.

The President of the Board of Trustees is J. W. Richards, a gentleman of the strictest integrity, who takes the deepest interest in the welfare of the town even to the neglect, sometimes, of his own business. He is affable, courteous and always ready to listen to the suggestions of the humblest citizen in matters concerning the welfare of the town. Berkeley could not have selected a better man for President of the Board of Trustees.

—Captain J. W. Gage represents the First Ward in the Board of Trustees, and while he looks closely after the interests of his constituents he does not overlook the wants of the other portions of the town. He is a man of very few words and of action, and since he took office North Berkeley has got more in the way of improvements than it ever got before in the history of the town. As chairman of the finance committee he may be honestly called the watch dog of the treasury, for he will not recommend a bill for payment unless he is morally certain that it is correct.

William Carey Jones, who represents the Second Ward, is a man who commands the respect of everybody in Berkeley. He takes a great interest in the welfare of the town, and there is not a matter that comes before the Board that he is not thoroughly familiar with before hand and his sound judgment often prevents mistakes being made by the Board.

Harry T. Cripps represents the Fourth Ward, and he represents it well, and his constituents are loud in his praise. Since he has been in office he has secured much for South Berkeley. He has had that section made secure from fire, by getting a thorough water system laid throughout that district. He has had Ashby avenue graded and macadamized and it is now one of the finest streets in Berkeley. He has had Shattuck avenue in his district graded and as soon as it is macadamized the people of that section will be pretty well off for fine streets.

John Martin looks after the Fifth Ward, which is one of the largest in the city and it takes a great deal of his time to look after its needs. This he gives freely and it is safe to say that there is not a single part of the ward that he is not familiar with, and which receives his personal attention. This section of the town had been greatly neglected until Mr. Martin came into the Board, and was a regular mud hole in winter, yet in the six months that Mr. Martin has been a member of the Board, a large number of sewers have been laid; numerous sidewalks have been put down and Alcatraz avenue has been graded and macadam-

ized. Mr. Martin has taken the greatest interest in the street lighting question, and his knowledge of electricity has been or the greatest benefit to the Board and to the people and has resulted in better lights and considerable saving to the town. When his plan of street lighting is carried out Berkeley will be the best lighted city on the coast.

George G. Durrell represents the sixth ward. He is a man who is firm in his opinions and when he takes a stand upon any matter, a yoke of oxen could not pull him off. He spends a great deal of time looking after the street work needs of the town, and it is greatly due to him that San Pablo avenue is now graded and macadamized. His judgment in reference to street work is sound, and his recommendations for or against street work, is always taken by the Board without any discussion.

Christian Hoff is the representative from Ward Seven and he is an earnest worker. In the affairs of town he never allows his friendship or his own personal feelings to interfere with his duty. He is a member of the license and electric light committee, and he has given the work of these committees his earnest attention. He has tried hard to equalize the license of business men and has succeeded admirably. As a member of the Electric Light Committee he has worked hard, and has pounded away until the lights are greatly improved, and until he has made the company realize that they can only get paid for the quality of light that they furnished.

P. R. Boone, a natural born educator whose very soul is wrapped up in education, is President of the Board of Education. He has lived in Berkeley for a number of years, and has watched its schools grow up to their present standard, and is now working earnestly to raise them still higher. It is his ambition to have a fine High School erected, and a number of new school buildings.

George M. Robertson represents the First Ward in the Board of Education, and he represents it well. He has been a member of the Board for many years, and no man in Berkeley knows its needs better, or tries harder to make the Berkeley schools superior to any in the State.

Professor E. J. Wickson represents the Second ward in the Board and the fact that he belongs to the faculty of the State University is in itself a recommendation. He is thoroughly in earnest in his efforts to raise the plane of the Berkeley schools to a standard equal to that of the University and he is succeeding admirably.

George R. Swain represents the Fourth ward and he, like the gentlemen named above, is an earnest worker in the cause of education and much of his time is given to planning for the best interests of the Berkeley schools.

George A. Norton of the Fifth Ward is one of the most energetic members of the Board. He believes that the schools should be of the best, and be supplied with the best assistants to education, and by the best teachers that can be procured. Since he has been a member of the Board he has had many improvements made to our present school buildings and to the grounds about them, all of which has been duly appreciated by the public.

Edward F. Niehaus represents the Sixth ward and represents it well. He knows all the needs of the schools as he has filled the position before as a member of the Board. He also has the experience of being a former member of the Board of Trustees. His business sagacity makes him a very valuable member of the Board of Education and invaluable to his fellow members.

Chris Engebretsen represents the Seventh ward and is not new in educational matters as he has before been a member of the Board. His suggestions to the Board are always adopted and they should be for he is always looking after the interest of the scholars and for their advancement.

The Board of Library Trustees consists of F. K. Shattuck, A. W. Naylor, Thos. Addison, H. D. Irwin and H. W. Taylor. These gentlemen have but just entered upon their duties but as they are all leading and highly esteemed citizens of Berkeley it is safe to say that they will make the public library of this town second to none in the country.

Richard Lloyd is the Marshal of the town and he is a very capable officer. He is an old resident of the town having lived here before it was incorporated. He has served the town as Justice of the Peace, and has always been spoken of as one of the best judicial officers that the town ever had. He is a brave and fearless officer and will not allow friendship to interfere with his duty. He is ably assisted by deputies, C. T. Kerns and Fred Rawson, both of whom, while brave and fearless officers, are affable and courteous gentlemen.

M. L. Hanscom is the Town Clerk, and he is peculiarly fitted for the office as he is thoroughly acquainted with all branches of the town government and with its organization. He is highly educated and is a courteous and refined gentleman, always willing to give information of any kind that he may possess, no matter how busy he may be, and under the present charter he has but few idle moments, for he is one of the hardest worked officials of the town.

Honest John Squires is the name of our Town Treasurer. That is what ever body calls him, and what could be a stronger or better recommendation for any man. He has held the office for two terms and the chances are that he will continue to hold it while he lives, for we do not believe that there is a man in the town that could beat Honest John Squires at the polls.

Isaac W. Wells has made the assessments for the town of Berkeley for many years, and there is no doubt but what he will continue to make them for many years more, for the reason that he is honest and just in his assessments favoring neither the rich nor the poor, but assessing all according to the value of the property. He has become a fixture of the Town Hall, and he would be sadly missed if he were not to be found there all the time.

Charles L. Huggins is the Town Engineer, and will continue to be such as long as he desires. Board of Trustees come and go but each succeeding one reappoints Mr. Huggins as Town Engineer, for the reason that he is thoroughly capable, and because the streets under his engineering are as fine as any in the State. Mr. Huggins is a very pleasant gentleman and is courteous and agreeable to all whom he comes in contact with.

Brewton A. Hayne is the Town Attorney and although a young man he is considered one of the soundest lawyers in the State. His selection by the present Board of Trustees showed excellent judgment for he has made the ordinances and laws of the town cast iron. We may not have him for more than another year, however, for there is a strong disposition on the part of the people of Berkeley and of Oakland to elect him as one of the Superior Judges of Alameda county at the next election. In fact we have had several of the leading men of Berkeley and of Oakland ask us to bring him out as a candidate for the office of Superior Judge, and it shall be our pleasure to do so at the proper time for he is a lawyer of rare legal attainments and will be an honor to the bench and bar, and a credit to Berkeley as Judge of the Superior Court of Alameda county.

Guy H. Chick is the Superintendent of Streets, and since his appointment he has done a great deal of work. He is thoroughly familiar with all the streets of the city, as he was for a long time assistant Town Engineer. He is ably assisted by his deputy, John W. Striker, who was the Marshal and Street Superintendent last year, and who was considered to be one of the best Street Superintendents that the town ever had.

Dr. H. N. Rowell is the Health Officer, and he is a good one. He has worked hard upon the sanitary question, and has had a set of sanitary

ordinances passed by the Board of Trustees that many other cities are copying. He is alert to everything that pertains to the health of the city, and promptly suppresses all nuisances.

Frank J. Thompson, one of Berkeley's most skillful plumbers is the Sanitary Inspector, and although his position is not one of the most pleasant, he has by his courteous manner made friends of those who at first considered him an enemy, because he inspected their premises and ordered sanitary plumbing done.

Berkeley has two Justices of the Peace both of whom are able and conscientious officers, and wear the judicial ermine with becoming dignity. Judge Lord has held many offices of trust in Berkeley, and his administration of justice is honest, fair and impartial.

Justice James is a young man of much legal lore, and a genial, affable and wholehearted gentleman. Since his appointment as Justice of the Peace he has had many cases, and his fair and impartial rulings have won him the respect of both the litigants and the attorneys.

M. Lauterbach is the poundmaster and right well does he attend to the duties of that disagreeable office. People will complain if the pound ordinance is not enforced, and they will complain if it is too strictly enforced. Mr. Lauterbach has found a happy medium whereby all are satisfied and complaints against his office are very rare.

#### It is Said.

That the Congressmen and Senators will have to eat their turkey in Washington.

That Morrow and Sheridan, who tried to overturn the government at Honolulu, are wishing that they were back in San Francisco.

That the slaughter of turkeys will be very great tomorrow, and hundreds of thousands will make a merry Christmas for many.

That on Solomon Islands a few missionaries will be served up hot for the natives' Christmas dinner.

#### GAZETTELETS.

Frank Mason Jones of Berkeley, 23 years, has obtained a license to marry Cora M. Willett, 15 years, of Berkeley.

Charles William Dakin of San Francisco, aged 22, and Meta Wise of West Berkeley, aged 18, have a license to be married.

The children of the Baptist Sunday school had a Christmas tree and entertainment last evening and a merry time was had by all present.

There will be Christmas services at St. Mark's church to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock. The music will be of a high order with a large choir led by Mr. Lipman, the organist.

Mrs. Eta M. Wise is expecting a visit from A. G. Rodgers and wife of Portland. Mr. Rodgers is a well known newspaper man of the Northwest, and a son of Representative Rodgers of Washington.

The West Berkeley kindergarten will have its holiday festival on Thursday the 26th, inst., when the school room will be appropriately decorated and the scholars will have a chance to have a jolly good time as the presents are taken from the tree and distributed among them.

One of the best assortments of articles especially adapted for holiday use can be found at C. Demetras' (successor to the D.A.D. Co.) All kinds of fruit that can be found in any California market can be found at his store. Besides he always has something which no one else has. He has carried the name of the Christmas Turkey King. Everything is displayed so temptingly in the large store that one cannot help making a purchase when they take a look at his display.

West Berkeley Progressive Club.

The regular weekly meeting of this club will take place this evening at the office of Paine & Dickieson, and it is hoped that there will be a large turnout.

There is a great deal of street work to be done in West Berkeley, and all of the citizens should be interested in it.

There are a few who attend the meetings regularly, and they are rather discouraged at the small attendance of the last few meetings, and it is hoped that there will be a large number present this evening.

#### THE ENGAGEMENT RING.

Within my hand a ring I hold,  
A circlet, jewelled golden.  
Jewels fair from ocean's depths,  
Gold in earth long folded.  
Flashing in the sunbeams bright  
Like dewdrops on a flower;  
Or stars that gem the arching blue;  
Or fireflies in a bower.

I know a maiden shy and sweet,  
Who watches for me nightly.  
With dancing eyes like summer skies,  
That welcome me so brightly.  
I'll place my jewels on her hand,  
Her memory o'er me lingers;  
Sapphires for the veins of blue,  
And pearls to match white fingers.

A lady, she, of high repute  
And gentle ways and learning.  
She loves me more as days pass o'er  
By reason of my yearning.  
And happy I when first she deigned,  
To hearken to my pleading;  
And sad was I if she passed by  
My awkward self unheeding.

But now the music of her voice,  
The magic of her kindness  
Is mine—with all her wealth of love,  
To aught else I am blindfold.  
And this bright ring will beauty gain  
While near my love it lingers;  
Sapphires here for veins of blue  
And pearls to match white fingers.

GEORGE N. LOWE.

#### Meeting of Library Trustees.

The Library Trustees held their regular meeting last evening at the rooms of the public library.

There were offers made of several buildings for the reading room at Lorin but no action was taken in the matter.

Several people from Lorin made application for the position of caretaker of the reading room at that place, but no action was taken in the matter.

A number of rooms were offered the Board at West Berkeley but the Board took kindly to Mr. Foy's proposition to build a reading room at Seventh street and University avenue.

The new by-laws were read and adopted.  
There being nothing further before the meeting the Board adjourned.

#### C. H. Shattuck's Will.

The will of the late Charles H. Shattuck of the pioneer printing ink manufacturing firm of E. J. Shattuck & Co., was filed for probate yesterday, by Mrs. Emma W. Shattuck, the widow, who is nominated executrix without bonds.

The will is dated September 14, 1889, and is witnessed by W. D. Witham and W. D. Shawhan. By its terms the entire estate is bequeathed to Mrs. Emma Wheelock Shattuck, decedent's widow.

The property is probably worth in the neighborhood of \$50,000. It consists of lands in Los Angeles and Kern counties, an interest in the business of E. J. Shattuck & Co., shares of the capital stock of the Bank of Alameda and other corporations, and promissory notes secured by mortgage of the value of \$20,000.

E. B. and Geo. H. Mastick are the attorneys for the estate.

#### \$50 Reward.

The above notice is placed on the dead walls about town.

Missing from West Berkeley about the 3d of next month, 1796 a tall complexioned young man about 5 feet 6 inches of age, height 37 years. Had on when last seen, a pair of swallow tailed seal skin trousers with bloomer stripes, fashionable mutton chop waistcoat with tripe collar and tobacco lining, water tight canvas boots with patent leather tips laced up at the sole, is deaf and dumb of one eye and hard of hearing with the other, is slightly pockmarked at the back of the head, stoops upright when he walks crooked, a slight impediment in his look, and wears a grecian bend in his upper lip, whiskers cut off short inside, was carrying an empty carpet bag in each hand and a wooden box in the other, containing screw steamers, railway tunnels and blacking was born before his youngest brother. The above reward will be paid in seven minutes by the poundmaster.

#### There is No Danger

Of eating horse flesh if you buy your meat at Daley's, Eighth street near Columbus school. We make our prices as low as we can. 38

Christmas trees by the whole sale by Henry Dietrich and Miss Lockyer at Dwight way. Call and get one before they are gone. 34-td

You don't get frozen meat but get your money's worth of the fresh article at Daley's, Eighth street, near Bancroft way, West Berkeley. 38

## CHURCH FESTIVALS.

### WEST BERKELEY MAKES A START FOR PROGRESS.

The Oakland Exposition Starts in on the Second  
Week---George Schmidt Enjoins the Treasurer from Paying Fred Rawson.

#### Christmas Festivals.

In the Presbyterian church, at West Berkeley, last evening a Christmas festival was held particularly for the benefit of the Sunday school scholars.

The entertainment consisted of an address by the Superintendent, singing in which Miss McKee rendered a solo in a very pleasing manner, and the children sang some songs, a humorous recitation by Miss Higgins which made the audience good natured with itself during the visit of the evening, and the distribution of presents to the younger portion in attendance.

It was the largest attendance of anything of the kind ever held in West Berkeley. There was hardly standing room. Every thing passed off pleasantly and all went away very much pleased with the evening's entertainment. Very complimentary remarks were passed upon the handsome decoration of evergreens.

The Methodist Society will hold their annual festival in the church on Seventh street near University avenue, at West Berkeley, this evening. The building will be handsomely decorated with evergreens. The Christmas tree will be one of the beauties of the occasion from which will be taken the presents, which the children will look at with beaming eyes and joyful countenances.

A good program has been arranged for the evening. A large attendance is anticipated and every preparation has been made for the enjoyment of all.

The happiness of the children on occasions of this kind well repays the labor bestowed to produce it. It will be an occasion which leaves an impression upon the young minds never to be forgotten.

The West Berkeley Episcopal Church gave a Christmas festival last evening in Taylor's Hall. It was largely attended. Much time had been expended upon the decorations, which reflected much credit upon those who performed the labor. The Christmas tree was fully supplied with presents that were during the evening given out to the children.

The exercises were of a character to please all who attended and the pleasant expressions of the receivers of Christmas presents made the hearts of the older people beat in unison with joy. With heartfelt thanks for the blessings bestowed during the year gone by and a trust in kind Providence who doeth all things well, for the good things that may be provided in the future, all dispersed to their homes in a happy and contented state of mind.

#### Called a Halt.

We understand that George Schmidt has served a written notice upon the town treasurer, John Squires, not to pay the salary of Deputy Marshal Fred Rawson. The ground taken for this is that Mr. Rawson has not been a resident of the town for three years as the charter requires. What steps, if any, the town treasurer will take has not been decided yet as the matter is under advisement.

Miss Bernice Kelly will spend the holidays in San Francisco with Misses Ola and Esther Pettus.

#### The Second Week.

The second week of the Exposition opened yesterday and although the attendance was not as large as last week, still the committee has faith in this week and commencing on Christmas day the program will be made attractive.

The afternoon concert was well rendered and in the evening the Fifth Regiment band gave one of their popular concerts. The quartette for cornets by Messrs. Kern, J. Coats, Bruehly and McBain was the feature of the program.

The program for this evening is as follows:

March, West Point.....Goldsmith  
Overture, Primrose.....Brennan  
Gavotte, Heart Throbs.....Ellenberg  
Ernan, Selection.....Vogel  
Waltz, One Thousand and One Night,.....Coxe  
The Tyrolean and His Love.....Strauss  
Zigzag Potpourri, Serio Comico.....Rollinson  
Patrol, American.....Meehan  
Selection, Masoch.....Vogel  
Schottische, Sweet Sixteen.....Brann  
Aria from Lucia.....Donizetti  
March, Exposition.....J. Coats

Tomorrow, in commemoration of Christmas, a special entertainment has been prepared. On the platform there will be three large Christmas trees and every child under six years of age will receive a gift of some kind. In the evening there will be stereopticon views illustrating the story of the birth of Christ. Every visitor will also have an opportunity to tour the world by means of the views, besides witnessing some fine mechanical effects.

The executive committee met last night and decided to donate the net proceeds of Friday to the Oakland Benevolent Society, Alameda County Society for the prevention of Cruelty to Animals, California Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children and the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. A badge similar to the one given away last week will be distributed by the ladies of the Ebell this week. The badge is the donation of the executive committee and bears the following inscription: "Compliments of Oakland Exposition, California Products. California Women." The souvenir is red satin with an oak tree in the center.

The members of the executive committee and the officers have worked hard to make the fair a success and deserve great credit.

#### A Boom Starter.

Mr. John M. Foy is taking time by the forelock and will immediately commence the erection of a building on the northeast corner of University avenue and Seventh street, West Berkeley, which will be of a sufficient size to make four stores out of it. One of the rooms will be used for the new branch of the public library.

The work will be pushed along just as fast as the mechanics can do the work.

We trust that this will prove a good omen for the coming year and that the initial building will be a forerunner of any quantity of others. When the good work once gets started then the ice will be broken for the many to get in and make business which leads to the making of money and good times for all.

Miss E. T. Keenan, telegraph operator of Western Union Company, left for Donahue, Sonoma county, this morning for a week's vacation at her home. Although Miss Keenan has not been stationed at Berkeley very long she has made many friends by her courteous management of the office. During Miss Keenan's absence Miss Hazen will have charge of the office.

Subscribe for the GAZETTE.



## The Gazette

PUBLISHED EVERY DAY EXCEPT SUNDAY  
BY THE  
GAZETTE PUBLISHING COMPANY.

WILL A. NASH, Editor.  
JOHN O. HANSCOM, City Editor.  
S. H. BORKHEIM, Business Manager.

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## TOWN OFFICIAL PAPER.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1895.

The GAZETTE will be pleased to receive personal or society notes, news of engagements, weddings, parties, etc. Contributors should sign their correct names and addresses, not for publication but as evidence of good faith. Address all communications to the editor.

## NO PAPER TO-MORROW.

In order that the employees of the GAZETTE may take part in the Christmas festivities and good dinners that will be served up to-morrow there will be no paper issued from this office. The publishers also take this method of wishing all their patrons a Merry Christmas.

## ANNUAL REVIEWS.

In issuing a summary edition of a paper at the ending of the year it matters not how much time and attention has been given to it there will always be many things left unsaid.

Very often this occurs from the fact that to give all the little and various details of a whole year's progress it would require a great deal more space than proprietors of newspapers can afford. From another reason that one cannot always call to mind many matters of seemingly minor importance to the general public that mean a great deal to quite a number of persons in the community.

A resume of generalities seems to be the best when taking all in all. When there is too much reading matter the public will not take the time to peruse it all but will select only that which is directly in their individual interest. Should the paper be saved it will be for the purpose of reference to be looked at hereafter for some special matter.

We do not overlook the importance of this object, however. It must be said that the public generally never appreciates to the full extent the vast amount of labor bestowed upon an annual review of any town or city. It has been the practice for many years to give a large amount of statistical matter.

In future years the GAZETTE will probably publish a much more full account than at the present time as it will diatribe events as they pass by and then work of the daily avocation can be placed before its readers in a concise way that does not weary the quick reader of the present day.

## MORAL DEPRAVITY.

Scarcely a day passes in San Francisco but one or more men are arrested for debauching young girls and the trouble is all with our laws, which seem to be made for the express benefit of the criminal. Peter Lane and the other four or five men who were arrested a short time ago in San Francisco have not had their trials yet, and the chances are that when the trials do take place the witnesses will have been bought off or spirited out of the State. These depraved criminals feel that even if they are caught they will not be punished.

The long time that has passed since Durrant killed Blanche Lamont and Minnie Williams, and the long time that will probably elapse before he is hanged, if he ever meets that fate, make these wretches bold and hundreds of young girls are being ruined. It is unfortunate that Durrant was not taken to San Quentin upon the day of his sentence. If he had been these criminals would be more careful and their crimes would be less. Instead of that Durrant is being treated like a nabob in the County Jail at San Francisco. He is once more by him self, the autocrat of the jail. He has the newspapers, magazines, novels, flowers and all of the delicacies of the season at his meals, and tomorrow he is to have his Christmas dinner sent from home.

With such treatment of arch criminals like Durrant that makes criminals, and causes crime to be so rampant as at present.

If the Supreme Court will take the Durrant case in hand as soon as the appeal is presented to them, they will be doing the State much good, and will prevent much crime.

## STILL WAR TALK.

The spirit of '76 is stalking through the land, and even the maimed and crippled veterans of the late rebellion are polishing up their arms, and preparing to once more go forth and battle for their country in case war is declared. There is an old adage which says that there is always fire where there is smoke, and such is the case at the present time. The present condition of affairs is not all talk. The United States is in duty bound to protect the American Republics, and to command England to keep her hands off. President Cleveland through Secretary of State Olney, notified England that she must not encroach upon the domain of Venezuela, and he received the autocratic reply that England would not keep its hands off Venezuela, and that the United States and its Monroe doctrine might go to the demijohn box wows as far as Great Britain was concerned.

This answer has aroused the spirit of Independence in every American and our government and our people have determined that England shall keep her hands off Venezuela, or fight. England has been given that ultimatum, and it remains for her to say whether it shall be war or peace. If England submits the matter to arbitration there will be no war, but if she still maintains her refusal, this country will be compelled to teach her another lesson, and if we do give her another it will this time do it so effectually that her commerce will be driven off the seas, and she will lose half her possessions. In fact she will not have a single possession left on the North American continent. We shall first take Canada, British Columbia and make American citizens of their inhabitants, for we have got the money and the men to do it, and we will do it. Russia will step in and relieve England of India and the West Indies, and the United States will assert itself as the greatest power on earth.

What care we for the threats of England that she will withdraw her money from the United States. Our country is full of gold and silver. We raise the breadstuffs for the whole world and British gold will have to flow into the United States if the English people desire to exist. The mother country has too long dictated to the United States; has too long denominated our money and securities. We have become tired of it and will now stand it no longer. England must back down or fight for this country will not yield one inch, for we are all patriots who will fight for our flag and our country's honor.

## New Bakery.

M. A. Perry has just opened up bakery and confectionery at the southwest corner of Calais and Fairview streets, Lorin. It will be a regular New England store. Call and see them.

## Murray's Coal Yard.

Is the place to go if you desire to get the best of coal, full weight and at lowest rates, also hay and grain. Eighth street near University avenue. 160r

Fancy boxes and baskets and a little circus of paper mache goods are open for inspection at Mason's, 2128 Shattuck avenue. 35

A book box—it's new, and the neatest and cheapest thing out in the line of Christmas boxes for candy. Mason's Berkeley store. 35

A blind young girl, gifted test and business medium, answers questions and can be consulted on all affairs. Sittings daily, 50 cents. 1613 Sixth street, near Holyoke street, West Berkeley. 139

## F. H. BRUNING

—Manufacturer of

## FINE CANDIES

## Reduced Prices

Broken Candy.....10c  
Mixed.....10c  
Fancy Mixed.....20c  
Chocolate Creams.....25c  
French Mixed.....40c  
Turkish fig paste imported 25c

1161 Washington Street,  
Bet. Thirteenth and Fourteenth.  
571 Fourteenth Street,  
Bet. Washington and Clay

## TOWN OFFICERS.

## BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

President J. W. RICHARDS  
1st Ward J. W. GAGE  
2nd Ward W. C. JONES  
3rd Ward E. T. CRIPPS  
4th Ward G. A. NORRIS  
5th Ward G. F. DUBRELL  
6th Ward CHRISTIAN HOYT

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4th Ward GEO. A. NORRIS  
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Health Officer HUBERT N. ROWELL  
Poundmaster M. G. LAUDERBRACH  
Justice of the Peace, West Berkeley O. R. LORD  
Justice of the Peace, East Berkeley F. JAMES

## New Tonsorial Parlors.

Joe Santos has the finest shaving parlors in West Berkeley, located at the corner of Fifth and Bristol streets. The best shave and the finest hair cut in town. Call and see him. 165

## Whoa, Thar!

And step into Schmidt & Zehner's in the Shattuck Block and inspect those bread and cake knives that they sell for 50 cents. If you need any hardware, bird cages, pocket knives or tacks for bicycles. They have them. Call for anything in their line, and it will appear. 110

Contractors who desire sand or gravel, or property owners who desire gravel, sand or garden dressing should address Henry Neidt & Co., Golden Gate. Telephone No. 739, six bells. All orders receive prompt attention. 24.

## Fine Raisins.

Kirke S. Gilbert of Shattuck avenue near Berryman station has the finest of fresh raisins for the holidays. 5 pound boxes, 45 cents; 50 pound boxes, \$3.50. Go and purchase from him for your holiday mince pies and plum puddings. Send orders to 2027 College way. 21

Call and See the  
Holiday Gifts  
Just Arrived from Japan

JAPANESE TEAS  
FANCY GOODS AND  
BAMBOO ART WORK  
THE FUJI CO.  
963 Washington Street, Oakland.

Oakland Theatre  
Twelfth and Webster.  
J. J. COLLINS, Lessee and Manager.  
Week Commencing.....Monday, December 23d

## \* MAY NANNARY \*

And her company in a  
ALI BABA OR THE  
FORTY THIEVES.  
With Special Scenic Effects.  
Popular Prices—Evenings, 10c, 20c, 35c, 50c;  
Lodge seats, 80c; Box seats, 50c. Matinee, 10c, 20c.  
Reserved Seats Retilly's Drug store 1057 Broadway.

MISS LILLIE HANSEN  
2180 SHATTUCK AVE. UP STAIRS.  
Hats trimmed to order.  
Choice selection of fine MILLINERY

M. NELSON. A. McLELLAN  
Blacksmiths, Horse Shoers and Wagon  
Workers. Interfering. Over-reaching prevented and Corns cured. All work guaranteed. Repairing and Jobbing done with neatness and promptly attended to.  
UNIVERSITY AVE., NEAR SHATTUCK  
Berkeley, Cal.

## P. Nichelmann

Manufacturer and Dealer in  
Harness, Saddles, Bridles,  
Halters, Whips, Spurs, Bits, Blankets, Brushes,  
BRUN BLOCK  
University and San Pablo  
Avenues.  
West Berkeley. 64

R.N.Wood  
PLUMBING  
TINNING AND  
GAS FITTING  
Sanitary Plumbing a Specialty.  
Fifth St., nr. University Avenue.

## Golden Sheaf Bakery

—AND—  
Alpha Dining Parlors  
J. G. WRIGHT, Proprietor  
Homemade Bread a Specialty. Ice Cream to order. All kinds of cakes and confections made to order and delivered.  
SHATTUCK AVENUE, 18 Berkeley, Cal.  
Subscribe for the GAZETTE

## IF YOU WANT

To have your Mince pies and Plum Pudding for the holidays first class buy your brandy and wines from

## RISDON &amp; CO.

Goods delivered to all parts of the county  
Free of charge.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Corner Washington and 13th Sts.

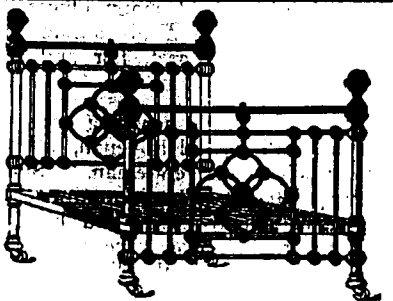
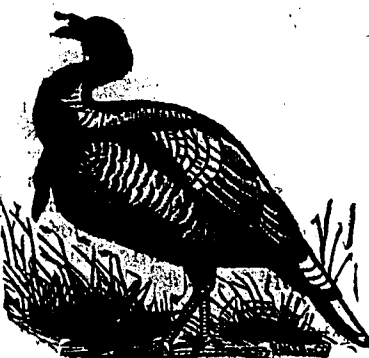
Telephone 807.

118

OAKLAND.

## CHRISTMAS POULTRY!

MERRIAM & CO.  
1285 1287 Broadway  
OAKLAND, CAL.  
Established 1877. Tel. 204.



BRASS, IRON, &  
ENAMELED BEDSTEADS.  
WITH DRESSING CASES TO MATCH  
Are the Delights this Season for the Bedroom.  
For Sale in Large Variety by the  
Schreiber Furniture Co.  
1157-1159 WASHINGTON STREET,  
Oakland. Near City Hall. Telephone 7

WE NEVER FOLLOW. WE ALWAYS LEAD.  
D. H. BRUNS & CO.  
The Leading  
GROCERS  
Of West Berkeley

Are "set" in the ring with a full line of fancy and staple groceries, hardware, etc. and all articles usually kept in a first-class store. Remember our store  
SAN PABLO AND UNIVERSITY AVENUES.  
REGULAR COAL DEPOT.  
For the benefit of farmers we have a ten-ton scale.

THEO. GIER  
WHOLESALE  
WINE AND LIQUOR MERCHANT

Wine Vaults Office & Salesroom  
S. E. COR. 8TH AND BROADWAY. 915 WASHINGTON STREET  
OAKLAND, CAL.  
Family Trade a Specialty. Goods Delivered to all parts of Oakland, Berkeley and Alameda.

A  
SPLendid  
X  
MAS  
PRESENT  
Ghilds'  
Sweepers.  
Holiday  
Presents.  
Walter Meese  
907-909 Washington Street Between Eighth and Ninth.  
Telephone 587 21 OAKLAND, CAL.

GAD AYLWIN.  
LARGE STOCK OF  
GROCERIES AND HARDWARE,  
PIONEER STORE  
102 OPOSITE LORIN STATION.  
J. C. McAvoy. J. E. Beaudry  
BEAUDRY & McAVOY,  
UNDERTAKERS AND EMBALMERS,  
873 Washington Street, Oakland.  
Telephone No. 3. Beaudry Residence Telephone, No. 661.  
Berkeley Telephone, No. 245 Red, Brennan's Grocery Store. 14

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Berkeley Telephone, No. 245 Red, Brennan's Grocery Store. 14

ADVERTISE IN THE "GAZETTE"

## OUR MARKET.

## NOTICE!

Emil MONTERICHARD JR. has reopened this meat market and will continue to furnish his patrons with the best qualities of meat, both fresh and salt.

Everything First Class and Ready for Immediate Delivery

UNIVERSITY AVENUE BET. NINTH AND TENTH STS. 166 WEST BERKELEY.



H.W. TAYLOR

LUMBER

Building - Material

WEST BERKELEY.

TELEPHONE

J. B. CASABONNE, -DEALER IN-  
Fine Imported and Domestic  
WINES AND LIQUORS

Deleware St., corner Sixth.

Angelica, Port, Sherry and all Sweet Wines  
at Lowest Rates

WES6 BERKELEY. Goods Delivered Free to all Parts of Alameda County. CALIFORNIA.

W.M. M. BETTS  
-DEALER IN-  
Groceries & Provisions.  
COR. SHATTUCK & ASHBY AVES.  
BERKELEY, CAL.  
Berkeley Public Telephone. 164

SHORTHAND  
(HECHTS TEN LETTER SYSTEM)  
IN SIX WEEKS

By the Natural, Scientific, Phonetic system.

.....We guarantee 100 words per minute in this time.  
.....Special inducements to classes forming now. We  
.....invite all to call and investigate our institute.

Girard Hotel, Ninth and Washington streets, Oakland. 8

## PURITY SOAP!

—FOR WASHING—

Flannels, Blankets and Woolens

—OF ALL KINDS—

—USE THE CELEBRATED—  
PURITY SOAP  
IT WILL SAVE MONEY AND LABOR  
ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT!

STANDARD SOAP COMPANY,

525 Market Street, San Francisco

SPECIAL SALE OF THE  
NEW YORK CLOTHING CO.  
WRECKERS - OF - HIGH - PRICES.

.....Look at this Slaughter of Prices.....  
Mens Cheviot Suits, \$3.75 and Upwards.....  
.....Men's Medium weight, gray and brown overcoats, \$3.85 and up.....  
.....Men's gray cheviot pants, \$1.25 and upwards.....  
.....Youths' suits, age 14 to 19 years, \$3.50 and upwards.....  
.....Children's suits, age 5 to 14 years, \$1.10 and upwards.....  
.....Men's Overshirts, 20 cents and upwards.....  
.....Men's heavy overalls 40 cents and upwards.....  
.....Men's heavy merino underwear 40 cents and up.....  
.....Men's merino ribbed on bottom shirts, drawers 25c.....  
Men's hats 40 cents.....  
Men's Fedora hats, 75 cents.....  
Boys' blue caps, 10 cents.....  
Men's overalls riveted, 40 cents per pair.....  
Men's all wool business suits gray and brown, \$5.50.....  
Men's heavy weight Auburn Melton's overcoat, \$7.75.....  
Men's Oregon gray pants, \$2.25.....  
Youths' suits, all wool, silk mixed, \$6.50.....  
Children's all wool cheviot suits, \$1.75.....  
Men's bicycle caps, hook down, 25 cents and upwards.....

A full line of trunks, valises, rubber goods, oil clothing, .....  
.....mackintoshes, etc., at the.....

NEW YORK CLOTHING CO. Successor to H. FURST  
901 BROADWAY, N. W. COR. EIGHTH ST. OAKLAND

Special Announcements! During this week  
10 PER CENT DISCOUNT

WILL BE ALLOWED On all our Fine Wraps, Furs, Capes and  
Remember these are new garments specially imported for the holidays and of fine style.  
KID GLOVES! KID GLOVES!

SUSTEN JOUVIN. The Finest Glove made in all the beautiful shades of the season  
\$1.50 a pair  
REAL AGNEAU with Broad Stitching, \$1.25 a pair.  
OLD DEFENDER. The Best \$1.00 Glove in the Market.  
BILSAN FRERES celebrated Biariz Musquetaire \$5 a pair. All the above warranted.



Abrahamson

Bros.

Southeast Corner Thirteenth  
and Washington,  
OAKLAND.

Beginning Monday Dec. 9, this Store will be open  
Evenings until after Christmas



# BERKELEY'S PROGRESS.

## SOMETHING ABOUT THE PAST AND THE PRESENT TIME.

### The Town Where Home-Seekers can Find the Most Beautiful Building Sites and the Healthiest Climate in California.

The town of Berkeley should take a higher rating than any other place on the coast when the population is put in the scale. Where there is the same number of inhabitants we have an advantage over them from the fact that three distinctive features go to our make up. This number consists of educational, manufacturing and residential branches.

With the University in our midst there is a very large nucleus to make it the best educational center. In addition we have high, grammar and private schools which compare favorably with those of any other part of the state. Our manufacturing is varied and constantly increasing in number from the fact that the town is better commercially situated than all others, has more natural advantages for the establishment of factories and has a climate where work can be performed as well at one time of the year as another. Furthermore, nature has provided sites for dwelling houses, which practical man cannot improve.

In regard to the latter the land lies in a gentle slope from the hills to the sea, a natural terrace. One residence can be erected in the rear of another and all have an equal view of landscape and water unexcelled.

At various times the GAZETTE has during the past year, called public attention to all of these attractions and not without good results. Property has been purchased both for residence and manufacturing purposes and enquiries have come for the past six months from all quarters in regard to the various wants of the writers. Letters have been answered giving the fullest information and there is no doubt but the effect will be beneficial.

Many people of means advancing long on the pathway of time desire to give their children all the advantages of a good education. At the same time they wish to reside in some place convenient to the houses of learning, where the advantages of a city and country life can be combined.

While near the country our town has facilities for reaching San Francisco in a short time. It is still nearer Oakland which has already become a city of importance. The connection to the metropolis is by ferries by which one can come and go all day long and until midnight. The time will not be long ere the service will be extended to an all night one in addition to that of the day.

The water in use here is of the very best, coming as it does cool and clear from the hills by. The natural slope of the land affords drainage which cannot be improved upon. Our streets, although sewered and macadamized to a great extent, will by another year be nearly all placed in the same good condition.

The town is lighted by electricity as are many of the houses. No new residences are erected without this provision. Our markets are fully supplied with everything that can be found in San Francisco with the advantage of more freshness, arriving sooner and less subject to carriage.

We have a commercial and savings bank, a free public library, and public halls suitable to all occasions. There are churches of the different denominations erected in different parts of the town. Our post office facilities are of the best kind. In fact there is scarcely any branch of business or calling but what is represented in Berkeley. The laws are well carried out. Life and property are well protected by the police force of the town. The administration of public affairs is conducted by the Boards of Trustees and Education. The interests of all are carefully looked after and it matters do not go in an economic way it is soon heard from by the people.

#### Early History.

There are few towns in the United States that have made more progress than our fair Berkeley for the short time we have held a charter. It is not yet eighteen years since Berkeley was organized. Before that the west end was known as Ocean View while the east end was just getting to be known as Berkeley. In early days the nearest post office was at Temescal and one at Ocean View. Capt. Bowen kept the latter at the old building which is still standing on the corner of San Pablo and Delaware streets. The polling place in 1878 was held at McDonald's real estate office, corner of University and Shattuck Avenues, and as the boys used to say the first white man to vote at the new town election was a nigger. Several of the boys made their brags

that they would be the first men to vote in the new town hall, but Charley Davis (a colored man) got his vote in first. There were two tickets in the field, the Workingman's and Citizens and read as follows:

| WORKINGMAN'S. |     | CITIZEN.        |     |
|---------------|-----|-----------------|-----|
| FOR TRUSTEES. |     | No. Votes.      |     |
| A. Whitton,   | 294 | A. Whitton,     | 294 |
| Jas McCall,   | 160 | R. H. French,   | 134 |
| Chas. Schell, | 162 | N. C. Carnell,  | 136 |
| A. H. Broad,  | 186 | A. Rummelsburg, | 136 |
| Chas. Davis,  | 170 | H. A. Palmer,   | 140 |

| FOR SCHOOL TRUSTEES. |     | No. Votes.      |     |
|----------------------|-----|-----------------|-----|
| W. B. Ridgway,       | 301 | W. B. Ridgway,  | 301 |
| M. Kellogg,          | 302 | M. Kellogg,     | 302 |
| Henry Burns,         | 303 | H. Burns,       | 302 |
| Martin Dale,         | 103 | T. M. Antisell, | 106 |
| W. H. Johnson,       | 106 | Geo. D. Dorn,   | 125 |
| M. Starr,            | 104 | A. Moore,       | 137 |

| ASSESSOR.     |     | No. Votes.   |     |
|---------------|-----|--------------|-----|
| James Jacobs, | 167 | A. Bartlett, | 134 |

| MARSHAL.      |     | No. Votes.     |     |
|---------------|-----|----------------|-----|
| M. M. Gilman, | 161 | I. A. Boynton, | 143 |

| TREASURER.    |     | No. Votes.     |    |
|---------------|-----|----------------|----|
| L. Gottshall, | 207 | J. S. Huggins, | 96 |

| TOWN CLERK.   |     | No. Votes.      |     |
|---------------|-----|-----------------|-----|
| E. L. Wright, | 178 | C. H. Dwinelle, | 106 |

| JUSTICES OF THE PEACE. |     | No. Votes.     |     |
|------------------------|-----|----------------|-----|
| J. C. Carrell,         | 201 | A. C. B. Shaw, | 103 |
| J. C. Beadell,         | 103 | R. H. French,  | 102 |

Sam Wakeham and John F. Tague were on both tickets for constables and of course were elected. The total vote cast being 304 and every man on the Workingman's ticket was elected, and it wasn't a very dry election either although the Atchison Hotel had its front door closed you could drop in at any time and call for lunch and get a soda cracker and drink all for 10 cents.

It might be of some interest to your readers to know who now residing in town voted at the first town election. I think the names would read as follows:

Jerry Ahern, A. Alburts, Joe Alphonso, D. R. Balkham, J. L. Barker, A. S. Bartlett, Jake Baum, John Benning, Robt. Birch, P. R. Boone, J. E. Boyd, Pat Boyle, H. Bruns, A. H. Broad, Ed. Brennan, — Bryant, A. Boynton, Thos. Buchanan, Joe Chase, C. K. Clark, John Creed, Tim Curry, M. Curtis, J. J. Dunn, D. Donovan, M. Dean, Chas. W. Davis, Geo. Dorn, C. Day, J. M. Doyle, Wm. Ellis, G. A. Easton, A. Edgar, Jas. Edgar, P. K. Forysth, C. J. Franklin, — Fichel, A. Fromm, L. Gottshall, T. Graber, L. Gershberger, Ed. Gordon, Fred Graves, Fred Gillett, P. Haller, Sam Heywood, C. M. Heywood, Walter Heywood, C. P. Hoag, H. Hobert, T. Hann, C. M. Hunt, Prof. H. H. H. Hart, C. Hadlan, J. E. Jacobson, W. C. Jones, H. Kastens, E. Kehon, M. Kellogg, Jas. Kelly, K. Knott, J. Le Conte, R. Lloyd, J. Lopez, C. B. Lord, Jas. Martin, H. Marquand, J. McClain, Jas. McGee, P. Munroe, A. H. Morris, J. Mulligan, P. Maloney, Con. Moloney, Prof. Moses, Ed. Neihaus, Earnest Neihaus, Tom Noble, Pat O'Neil, W. Otis, S. A. Penwell, H. A. Peterson, H. Pine, Dr. Payne, — Rummelsburg, Prof. Rising, E. Sande, J. C. Schmidt, Wm. Schmidt, Jas. Shields, G. A. Shuster, Frank Silva, Henry Stein, Andy Swenson, F. K. Shattuck, Geo. Stitt, John Stitt, John Tague, R. P. Thomas, Mose Unda, J. Underwood, Chas. Underwood, J. A. Wright, Sam Wright, Sam Wakeham, Jas. Wilson, W. N. Wilkison, Prof. Welcker, Emil Yuzuza, Robt. Yuzuza.

There may have been others, but as we were not over crowded in those days I think I have named about all who voted at our first town election. This election took place during the height of the Kearney excitement and many of our citizens expected trouble and deputy Sheriffs from Oakland were on hand to preserve order, but there was no occasion for their services and in peace and quietness the town of Berkeley was launched as one of the towns of the Golden State.

JOHN E. BOVD.

#### For Photographs

Go to the L. A. Green Photo Co., 439 San Pablo avenue, between Eighteenth and Nineteenth streets, where you can get one-half dozen cabinets for \$1, two Paris panels for \$1, eight mantillo for \$1, one dozen diamonds for \$1, one and one-half dozen mantillo for \$1. All work guaranteed to be true in likeness and in every way satisfactory. Copying and enlarging views and interiors. The largest and most complete ground floor studio in Oakland. Don't fail to call and examine the work. 32-1m

#### Notice to Contractors.

I am prepared to deliver on cars at any switch between Berkeley and Oakland, basalt rock at the following prices: for crushed basalt, \$1.20 per ton, R. R. weight (\$1.50 per yd.); for basalt gutter stones, \$1.60 per ton, R. R. weight (\$2.00 per yd.). E. R. Thomason, room 28, Phelan Building, San Francisco. 36-1m

#### Mrs. E. Serb

Gives a chance for a fine set of Dicken's works and other presents with each purchase at her store of dry and fancy goods, candies etc., corner Calais and Fairview streets, Lorin 5 tf

Subscribe for the GAZETTE

#### George Schmidt of Berkeley.

To build up any town in the proper way there should be men not only of energy but with a public spirit of a sufficient strength that it will give time and labor for the benefit of all. In addition to the above requirements it requires a man who has a great deal of patience with his neighbors. However well a person may work to do the public good there will always creep into a community persons who seem to have been born with a fault-finding nature. These ill-bred people seem to be always seeking opportunities to find fault with a man who is public spirited. Some one must take the lead. He may be one who occasionally errs in his judgment but he should have the credit of good intentions instead of slurs and kicks.

In writing this article there may be a number who would fill either of the above descriptions. It is for us to speak of the good, the bad make themselves known without the aid of a newspaper. While several are in the mind's eye of the writer perhaps there is no better sample to give of the public-spirited man than George Schmidt, the well known real estate dealer. Living in town from his infancy he has been one of the directors of its rise to the position that it now holds in the community of towns on the Pacific Coast. Of a quick, ardent nature he does not wait for business to come to him but if it is not floating around he finds some way to make it do so. He always has some project in view by which the community may be benefited and he works with a will to that end.

It is not always possible to accomplish the success of all of these days but many stick and the wisdom of them is then made apparent by actual practice.

Mr. Schmidt has held various town positions which he has always filled in a manner of credit to the community as well as to himself. It was certainly for an empty honor for no particular gain ever came from them except that which came to everybody else equally as well.

Today he is ever ready to take hold of any public enterprise with a push that increases, in his case, by age and experience. If Berkeley had a dozen men who would bear the burden of the town affairs, like unto him we should see the progress of the place make headway much faster.

He owns and controls a large amount of property here and is the third largest taxpayer. To be sure what the success of the town may be insured, to a certain extent, to his private benefit in the capacity as a business man. In this respect, however, he is no more favored than any other property owner.

We hold up the business energy and go aheadativeness of Mr. Schmidt as one of emulation by others, and would speak of him in the third person were it not that everybody should know who it is that we are holding up to them as a good example to follow.

That he has had and will continue to have the enmity of the envious whose lack of brains keeps them in the background, we do not doubt. With all these annoyances constantly about there is no question that he will pay as little attention to them in the future as he has in the past, and will keep on with his earnest endeavors to place Berkeley where she belongs on the highest of town or city pinnacles. Should any well known citizen of this University town think that more has been said about the good qualities of our fellow townsman than he deserves, will they please rise up and tell us where there is too much strength.

#### Here is a snap.

Driggs is selling oil stoves at from 50 cents to \$1.00 less than San Francisco or Oakland prices. This is no blow but an actual fact. 173 tf

#### U and I Shaving Parlor.

Everything is dull in town except Guye's razor at the U and I shaving parlor, No. 379 Ninth street, Oakland. 11

#### For Sale.

Ten acres of choice vegetable or fruit land, near the town of San Pablo, Contra Costa county, on main road to depot. Fine location. Most desirable land in the market. For particulars, or to see the property, call on Paine and Dickieson, 805 University avenue, between 5th and 6th streets, West Berkeley. 173 tf

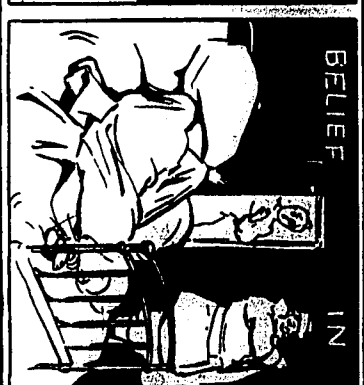
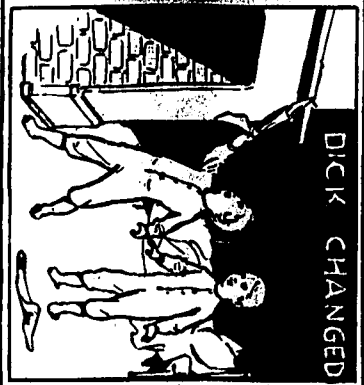
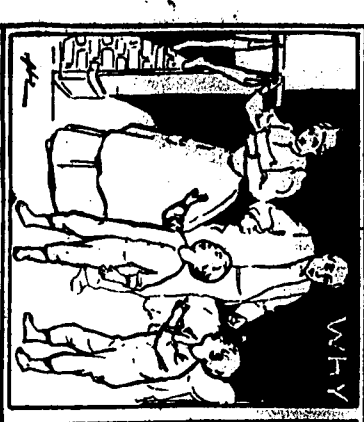
"Pure Candies or None" is our motto. Trying and seeing is believing and you are invited. Mason's candy store, Berkeley. 35

Notice to buyers of household goods. Patronize the old reliable firm of H. Schellhaas, 408 Eleventh street. You will find goods just as represented. We live up to the rule "do as you would be done by." 18-tf

Commencing December 1st people who desire Japanese goods of all descriptions can have same at cost by attending the auction sales of S. H. Dong Wing, Bamboo and Rattan Works, 378 Thirteenth street, corner Franklin street, Oakland. 173 tf

There is one thing in this world that is perfect, and that is a photograph. Naturally the artist who is thorough in his business and produces perfect pictures gets the trade. This accounts for the immense business done by Evans, the photographer at 1065 Washington street. He takes the finest cabinets in the land for \$3 per dozen and has a large Berkeley patronage. 102

Turkeys and cider at D. & D. Co. East Berkeley. 12



English Taste and American Pie.

Mr. Kipling's scientific characterization of a certain area of the American continent as the New England pie bolt was good wit, and yet when you meet the English pie in a life and death struggle you wonder how Mr. Kipling can see the funny side of anything. I don't wish to traduce, to bring the pallor of humiliation to the cheek of the English pie, which, indeed, is respectable and built to stay by you, but I must say that the pie of the genus Britannicum is not to my mind the ideal pie. It happened to me in England during the annual away of the plum tart, and on one occasion shyly broke the pallid crust of one of this species. It was a desolate, sour experience, akin to the condition in which you work your famished way through a lifeless hunk of English bread. On such occasions of gastronomic craving and depression I resolutely tightened my own pie belt around a hole and made dessert of my glowing and savory memories of Parisian pastry. As their pie, so a people. Quoth Mr. Beecher once in an interview I was trying to conduct with him at the dinner table of the lamented Grand Pacific: "Pie, sir, goes with civilization. Where there is uncivilization there is no pie." But there is pie and pie. —Chicago Inter Ocean.

#### Lee's Answer.

Early in the war, before Lee had demonstrated his pre-eminence as the southern leader, he was severely criticised on more than one occasion by a certain General Whiting. Whiting had stood at the head of his class at West Point, and was considered, not only by himself, but by others, as a very bright and capable man.

One day President Davis, wishing an officer for some highly important command, called upon General Lee for advice.

"What do you think of Whiting?" asked Davis.

Lee answered without hesitation, commending Whiting as one of the ablest men in the army, well qualified in every way for even the most responsible position. One of the officers present was greatly surprised, and at the first opportunity drew Lee aside.

"Don't you know what unkind thing Whiting has been saying about you?" he inquired.

Lee's answer was of the best. "I understand," he said, "that the president desired to know my opinion of Whiting, not Whiting's opinion of me." —Philadelphia Inquirer. 146

#### About Ourselves.

We cannot allow this day of happiness and good cheer to pass without saying a little something about ourselves. Shortly before Christmas of last year the GAZETTE was launched as a small five-column sheet just about one-quarter the size of the paper in its present form. It took at once with the public and pushed rapidly ahead until June, when it was made the official paper of Berkeley. This caused an enlargement to six columns, which we thought would suffice for some time but the press of advertising upon our columns caused us to enlarge to a seven-column paper and even with that size we are being slowly but surely pushed into that position where we will have to enlarge again.

During this last year the people of Berkeley have made it possible for us to make many improvements. In the first place we have erected a home of its own for the GAZETTE, a building 40x70, divided up into a composition office, a press room, a business office and a large and commodious editorial and reporter's room. A large amount of new type has been added to the office. A new gasoline engine of 5 horse power has been put in. Also a fine 30 light dynamo by which we manufacture our own electric lights. We have also just purchased a folding machine so that the papers will go right from the press to the folder and come out ready for the carrier thereby saving much valuable time. Besides this we have just placed a stereotyping outfit in the office which will greatly facilitate the work of the office.

With all these improvements it is a sure proposition that the GAZETTE is a fixture in Berkeley. It has distanced all competitors and now stands forth as the only real newspaper in Berkeley. It is so recognized by the people of Berkeley and other places, and by the press of the State. It is hoped that when next Christmas arrives that there will not be one resident of Berkeley that is not a subscriber, and that no business man will be without his advertisement in the columns of the GAZETTE. This paper gives employment to twenty-four people, who in turn spend their money with the business men of Berkeley, and the pay roll is not a small one by any means. During the coming year it is our intention to add many new features to the paper, keeping it up to date in all its departments. We are always pleased to have our advertisers and subscribers call upon us, and those who call from now on will find the most up-to-date printing and newspaper office on this side of the bay.

#### At the Fair.

The following persons have exhibited at the Oakland Fair which we desire to call special attention to:

W. A. Young, whose place of business is at 1460 Seventh street, has found a chemical preparation by which you can clean your own chimneys. Only a teaspoonful has to be placed in the fire once a week, it does the rest. By the use of this chemical you will have no more dirty flues. No more angry words from the cook. A package which will last a year costs but 25 cents.

Some of the finest views and photographs it has ever been our good fortune to see are on exhibition by the Novelty Photo Company of 658 Broadway. W. J. Byers, a genial and pleasant gentleman represents this firm, which takes pictures anywhere by day or by night, of anything that can be photographed. Send a postal and they will fotograf babies, family groups and gardens. First class work at low prices.

Among the many exhibits at the fair that of the old Eden Medicine Company, in charge of John L. Kellett, the California rheumatic specialist whose office is at 1309 Broadway or 20 San Pablo avenue, opposite the City Hall. This medicine will cure sciatic, muscular and inflammatory rheumatism, neuralgia, lumbago, rheumatic gout, pleurisy, ulcerated sore throat, enlarged glands, ulcerated sore eyes, earache, chilblains, bunions and various other ailments of the external system. A bottle of this medicine should be in every family as it will always come handy. It is sold for one dollar a bottle. Address all orders to the company at Oakland Cal.

Sweets for the sweet, and nearly everybody who goes to the fair visits the Palace of Sweets at J. E. Sturgeon & Son, manufacturers of pure home made candies, whose place of business is at the southeast corner of Tenth and Broadway, Oakland. Be sure when you go to the fair to visit the candy booth and take some candy home to the children.

Among the chief attractions of the Fair, which always has a crowd about it, is the American Gas Machine which is the only strictly automatic gas machine made in the United States, it having no weights to wind. They have on exhibition a 25 light machine, which is in operation, showing both the lighting and cooking quality of the gas made by their machines.

As we before remarked there is constant stream of visitors to view the machine and the company have taken several orders for machines since the Fair opened. These gas machines only need to be seen to be appreciated.

Now is the time to buy your cloaks capes and suits. By purchasing \$15 worth of goods at our establishment we will present you, free of charge, with an order for one half dozen Haussler's photographs. Palace Cloak Co., 1009 and 1011 Washington street, between 10th and 11th streets, Oakland. 146

# ABOUT VENEZUELA.

## THE COUNTRY THE UNITED STATES WILL DEFEND.

### A Brief Description of the Resources of the Country Written for the "Gazette" by Dr. A. de Marconney.

In 1879 the writer of these lines was engaged in Paris, France, by the president of Venezuela, Don Guzman Blanco, to take the position as mining engineer in a gold mine in Guyana, owned by a French Venezuelan syndicate, of which he was the largest stockholder. The Hamburg-American line of steamers to the West Indies brought him to La Guayra, the sea port of the capital Caracas, which is three leagues (nine English miles) in the interior, as the crow flies) but which to reach it takes about a day in a carriage or on horseback, for it lies about 4000 feet above the level of the sea and a mountain range of from six to seven thousand feet has to be passed before you see the garden city of the south before you. Caracas is the most beautifully located city of the world as far as climate and scenery are concerned. All the year round is spring time, the flowers, oranges and bananas seem to bloom and bear fruit all the year round and when looking to the southwest and west you see the mountain peaks of the Cordillera covered with snow and glittering in the tropical sunshine, the heat of which is not felt on account of the altitude.

After the necessary arrangements were made the question was raised which way to take to reach the mines. The overland trip over the Cordilleras down to the valley of the Orinoco would have been preferable to me on account of the scenery and the traveling in a new country, but Indians coming down from the mountains reported not alone heavy snow over the mountain paths but avalanches as well, which made them impracticable in some parts. It was therefore thought better to take the steamer route from La Guayra along the coast to Trinidad and from there the steamer to Angostura or as the Venezuelians call it now Ciudad Poolivar, the capital of the state of Guyana.

In Angostura our party of six was received by the president's brother Don Porfirio Blanco, was then governor of the state of Guyana, and enjoyed his hospitality for a few days till the necessary preparations, repacking of some machinery and provisions for the mine were made. Then we started on our trip into the interior. Following for two days in canoes paddled by Indians the course of the mighty Orinoco river, which is as large there as the Mississippi at New Orleans. We entered the third day the Itacumny, an affluent coming from the south and went up there for three days more when we had to take to muleback to reach the mine, situated about three days journey inland. The country we traversed was first a low rolling prairie with many water courses with marshy borders, which had to be forded, but after a days journey we got into the hill region and found signs of placer mining, which had been abandoned, after the stone formation broken up by porphyry had been discovered by California miners.

On the evening of the sixth day we arrived at Estrella, our destination. The buildings of the mine consisted of four buildings built around a square in which the arrastra, a primitive arrangement for the crushing of calcinated gold-quartz, was located and was surrounded by a ditch and wall with palisades on top of it, flanked by small block houses on each corner. When I asked the book-keeper, Don Rodrigo Munoz, who had come to Angostura for business and to act as our guide, what this was for, I was informed that the mine had previously been attacked by revolutionists and bands of robbers for the free gold and had been ransacked several times with the prevalent Venezuelan custom to kill every one of the employees. I must confess I felt a cold shiver then and there, warm as it was. But that afternoon I felt better when I saw a couple of Gatting guns taken out from the mass of packages we had brought up and heard the American engineer, who had been a gunner in the United States Navy, call them beauties. They did some good work a few months later—but that is another story, as Rudyard Kipling says.

The underground work consisted of three tunnels running from sixty to one hundred and fifty feet into the hill, striking the quartz vein in three different places and being connected by drifts with each other. Shafts were sent down standing on the upper side of the vein but had been abandoned on account of water. Several years before a pumping engine had been set up, but did not work well. Mr. Raymond, the French mechanical engineer and I set to work therefor and

soon an over-shot wheel built on the premises to which we attached the gearing of the engines and could soon begin the work of the lode agin. The water from the wheel was gathered in the ditch around the mine which had been dry before and from there run to the wheel for a stamp mill, we built on a little plateau about sixty feet deeper.

The miners were all Indians and Mestizos, a mongrel race of Spanish, Indians and Negroes and were a rum lot, indeed. They were under supervision of Americans and Cornishmen, who acted as foremen or shift-bosses, and had been in California or Peru, where they had learned to speak sufficient Spanish to speak to the men. They formed the body guard for the officers and engineers of the mine and proved themselves on a later occasion to be staunch and reliable fellows.

After a month of preliminary work the mine was started up again and proved to be very valuable property indeed. The free gold in quartz run up from one hundred and twenty dollars to four hundred dollars per ton, with sometimes rich pockets running into the thousands. Every month a troop of Venezuelan cavalry would come up from Angostura and take charge of the gold and valuable tailings and bring up the rovisions that were needed.

The country seemed to me to be very rich in gold as well as in valuable timber, but was not prospected on account of the Indians who were very troublesome then. As I understand they are now nearly exterminated or driven over into Brazil. American and English prospectors and miners have developed the claims pretty well, the Rothschilds in London being the main owners and it is no wonder to me therefore that British greed wants to annex the country. The prevailing sentiment of the Venezuelan people is thought that they intend to keep their country for themselves, and as far as I know they will do it, especially now where they have good reasons to look for protection from their sister republic, the United States of America. DR. DE MARCONNEY.

#### A Merry Christmas.

To-morrow will be Christmas day, a day that is celebrated throughout the entire civilized world. A day that while it is one of pleasure, is also a sacred day, for most of us believe, that on that day Christ, the Son of God was born. That alone makes the day a hallowed one. It is on this account that the hearts of the whole people are supposed to soften on Christmas day, and on that account presents are given and received, and the good things of the land are placed before the multitude to be eaten.

The government on that day issues extra rations to the sailors who man our war vessels, and to the boys in blue who are guarding the lives of the hardy pioneers who on the frontier are delving for precious metals, or making the desert blossom as the rose. The criminal in the penitentiary is thought of on this day and they are given better dinners than usual. The inmates of the hospitals and poor houses are also remembered, while the poor of our cities and towns are hunted out and relieved by benevolent societies and private individuals. All this makes it indeed a day of peace and good will on earth. During the past year times have been hard, and this has been sorely felt by a majority of our people, many of whom are unable this year to make presents to friends and loved ones as of yore. The clouds are breaking, however, and the silver lining is beginning to show, and everything tends toward prosperous times for the coming year. Our people are happy and contented, however, for we have not been visited by plagues, or epidemics and they can and will make up their minds that the dark days are gone, and that when the next Christmas arrives, the horn of plenty will be overflowing. Hoping that such will be the case we wish our readers one and all a Merry, Merry Christmas.

#### Does Advertising Pay?

The editor of this paper says it does. Just to satisfy ourselves it does we will pay your fare to San Francisco, if you mention seeing it in this paper, providing you buy \$1's worth of drugs at cut rates at our store. Syrup of figs 35 cents; Alcock's porous plaster, 10 cents; salts, etc., 8 cents; a pound. Ferry Drug Company, No. 9 Market street, San Francisco. 34-1m

Advertise in the GAZETTE



## CHRISTMAS EVE.

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN.

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It was the last hour at the end of Beauchamp's row, and it stood several rods away from its nearest neighbor. It was a pretty house in the daytime, but owing to its deep, sloping roof and small bedlamonded windows it had a lonesome look at night, notwithstanding the crimson hall light which shone through the leaves of its vine covered doorway.

Ned Chivers lived in it with his six months' married bride, and as he was both a busy fellow and a gay one there were many evenings when pretty Letty Chivers sat alone until near midnight.

She was of an uncomplaining spirit, however, and said little, though there were times when both the day and evening seemed very long and married life not altogether the paradise she had expected.

On this evening—a memorable evening for her, the 24th of December, 1894—she had expected her husband to remain with her, for it was not only Christmas eve, but the night when, as manager of a large manufacturing concern, he brought up from New York the money with which to pay off the men on the next working day, and he never left her when there was any unusual amount of money in the house. But from the first glimpse she had of him coming up the road she knew that she was to be disappointed in this hope, and, indignant, alarmed almost, at the prospect of a lonesome evening under these circumstances, she ran hastily down to the gate to meet him, crying:

"Oh, Ned, you look so troubled that I know you have only come home for a hurried supper. But you cannot leave me tonight, for Tennie" (their only maid) "has gone for a holiday, and I never can stay in this house alone with that." She pointed to the small bag he carried, which, as she knew, was filled to bursting with bank notes.

He certainly looked troubled. It is hard to resist the entreaty in a young bride's uplifted face. But this time he could not help himself, and he said:

"I am dreadful sorry, but I must ride over to Fairbanks tonight. Mr. Pierson has given me an imperative order to conclude a matter of business there, and it is very important that it should be done. I should lose my position if I neglected the matter, and no one but Fairbanks and Pierson knows that we keep the money in the house. I have always given out that I trusted it to Hale's safe over night."

"But I cannot stand it," she persisted. "You have never left me on these nights. That is why I let Tennie go. I will spend the evening at The Larches, or, better still, call in Mr. and Mrs. Talcott to keep me company."

But her husband did not approve of her going out or of her having company. The Larches was too far away, and as for Mr. and Mrs. Talcott, they were middle-aged people, whom he had nev-



er liked; besides Mrs. Talcott was delicate, and the night threatened storm. It seemed hard to subject her to this ordeal, and he showed that he thought so by his manner, but as circumstances were, she would have to stay alone, and he only hoped she would be brave and go to bed like a good girl, and think nothing about the money, which he would take care to put away in a very safe place.

"Or," said he, kissing her downcast face, "perhaps you would rather hide it yourself; women always have curious ideas about such things."

"Yes, let me hide it," she murmured. "The money, I mean, not the bag. Every one knows the bag. I should never dare to leave it in that." And begging him to unlock it, she began to empty it with a feverish haste that rather alarmed him, for he surveyed her anxiously and shook his head as if he dreaded the effects of this excitement upon her.

But as he saw no way of averting it he confined himself to using such soothing words as were at his command, and then, humoring her weakness, helped her to arrange the bills in the place she had chosen, and restuffing the bag with old receipts till it acquired its former dimensions, he put a few bills on top to make the whole look natural, and, laughing at her white face, relocked the bag and put the key back in his pocket.

"There, dear; a notable scheme and one that should relieve your mind entirely," he cried. "If any one should attempt burglary in my absence and should succeed in getting into a house as safely locked as this will be when I leave it, then trust to their being satisfied when they see this booty, which I shall hide where I always hide it—in the cupboard over my desk."

"And when will you be back?" she murmured, trembling in spite of herself at these preparations.

"By 1 o'clock if possible. Certainly by 2."

"And our neighbors go to bed at 10," she murmured. But the words were low, and she was glad he did not hear them, for if it was his duty to obey the orders he had received, then it was her duty to meet the position in which it left her as bravely as she could.

At supper she was so natural that his face rapidly brightened, and it was with an air of cheerfulness that he rose to lock up the house and make the necessary preparations, as were necessary for the annual ride over the mountains to

Fairbanks. She had the supper dishes to wash up in Tennie's absence; and as she was a busy little housewife she found herself singing a snatch of song as she passed back and forth from dining room to kitchen. He heard it, too, and smiled to himself, as he bolted the windows on the ground floor and examined the locks of the three lower doors, and when he



finally came into the kitchen with his greatcoat on to give her his final kiss, he had but one parting injunction to urge, and that was that she should lock the front door after him and then forget the whole matter till she heard his double knock at midnight.

She smiled and held up her ingenious face.

"Be careful of yourself," she murmured. "I hate this dark ride for you, and on such a night too." And she ran with him to the door to look out.

"It is certainly very dark," he responded, "but I'm to have one of Brown's safest horses. Do not worry about me. I shall do well enough, and so will you, too, or you are not the plucky little woman I have always thought you."

She laughed, but there was a choking sound in her voice that made him look at her again. But at sight of his anxiety she recovered herself, and pointing to the clouds said earnestly:

"It is going to snow. Be careful as you ride by the gorge, Ned; it is very deceptive there in a snowstorm."

But he vowed that he would not snow before morning, and giving her one final embrace he dashed down the path toward Brown's livery stable. "Oh, why do I feel so!" she murmured to herself as his steps died out in the distance. "I did not know I was such a coward."

And she paused for a moment, looking up and down the road, as if in despite of her husband's command she had the desperate idea of running away to some neighbor.

But she was too loyal for that, and smothering a sigh she retreated into the house. As she did so the first flakes fell of the storm that was not to have come till morning.

It took her an hour to get her kitchen in order, and 9 o'clock struck before she was ready to sit down. She had been so busy she had not noticed how the wind had increased or how rapidly the snow was falling. But when she went to the front door for another glance up and down the road she started back, appalled at the fierceness of the gale and at the great pile of snow that had already accumulated on the doorstep.

Too delicate to breast such a wind, she saw herself robbed of her last hope of any companionship, and sighing heavily she locked and bolted the door for the night and went back into her little sitting room, where a great fire was burning. Here she sat down, and determined, now that she must pass the evening alone, to do it as cheerfully as possible, and so began to sew. "Oh, what a Christmas eve!" she thought, and a picture of other homes rose before her eyes, homes in which husbands sat by wives and brothers by sisters, and a great wave of regret poured over her and a longing for something, she hardly dared say what, lest her unhappiness should acquire a sting that would leave traces beyond the passing moment.

The room in which she sat was the only one on the ground floor beside the dining room and kitchen. It therefore was used both as parlor and sitting room, and held not only her piano, but her husband's desk.

Communicating with it was the tiny dining room. Between the two, however, was an entry leading to a side entrance. A lamp was in this entry, and she had left it burning, as well as the one in the kitchen, that the house might look cheerful and as if all the family were at home.

She was looking toward this entry and wondering whether it was the mist made by her tears that made it look so dimly dark to her when there came a sound from the door at its end so faint that she could not determine its nature and yet so certainly not due to the wind that she felt her heart stand still and her feet grow paralyzed.

Knowing that her husband had taken peculiar pains with the fastenings of this door, as it was the one toward the woods, and therefore most accessible to wayfarers, she sat where she was, with all her faculties strained to listen. But no further sound came from that direction, and after a few minutes of silent terror she was allowing herself to believe that she had been deceived by her fears when she suddenly heard the same sound at the kitchen door, followed by a muffled knock.

Frightened now in good earnest, but still alive to the fact that the intruder was as likely to be a friend as a foe, she stepped to the door, and with her hand on the lock stooped and asked boldly enough who was there. But she received no answer, and more affected by this unexpected silence than by the knock she had heard she recoiled further and further till not only the width of the kitchen, but the dining room also, lay between her and the scene of her alarm, when to her utter confusion the noise shifted again to the side of the house, and the door she thought so securely fastened swung violently open as if blown in by a fierce gust, and she saw precipitated into the entry the burly figure of a man covered with snow and shaking with the shock of a storm that seemed at once to fill the house.

Her first thought was that it was her

husband come back, but before she could clear her eyes from the cloud of snow which had entered with him he had thrown off his outer covering and she found herself face to face with a man in whose powerful frame and cynical visage she saw little to comfort her and much to surprise and alarm.

"Ugh!" was his coarse and rather familiar greeting. "A hard night, miss! Enough to drive any man indoors. Pardon for the liberty, but I couldn't wait for you to lift the latch; the wind drove me right in."

"Was—was not the door locked?" she feebly asked, thinking he must have staved it in with his foot, that looked eminently fitted for the task.

"Not much," he chuckled. "I s'pose you're too hospitable for that." And his eyes passed from her face to the comfortable firelight shining through the sitting room.

"Is it refuge you want?" she demanded, suppressing as much as possible all signs of fear.

"Sure, missus—what else! A man can't live in a gale like that, specially after a tramp of 20 miles or more. Shall I shut the door for you?" he asked, with a mixture of bravado and good nature that frightened her more and more.

"I will shut it," she replied, with a half motion of escaping this sinister stranger by a flight through the night.

But one glance into the swirling snowstorm deterred her, and making the best of the alarming situation she closed the door, but did not lock it, being more afraid now of what was within the house than of anything that was now likely to enter from without.

The man, whose clothes were dripping with a cynical smile, and then, without any initiation, entered the dining room, crossed it and moved toward the kitchen fire.

"Ugh! Ugh! But it is warm here!" he cried, his nostrils dilating with an animal like enjoyment that in itself was repugnant to her womanly delicacy.

"Do you know, missus, I shall have to stay here all night? Can't go out in that gale again; not such a fool." Then with a sly look at her trembling form and white face he insinuatingly added, "All alone, missus?"

The suddenness with which this was put, together with the leer that accompanied it, made her start. Alone? Yes, but should she acknowledge it? Would it not be better to say that her husband was up stairs. The man evidently saw the struggle going on in her mind, for he chuckled to himself and called out quite boldly:

"Never mind, missus; it's all right. Just give me a bit of cold meat and a cup of tea or something, and we'll be very comfortable together. You're a slender slip of a woman to be minding a house like this. I'll keep you company if you don't mind, leastwise until the storm lets up a bit, which ain't likely for some hours to come. Rough night, missus, rough night."

"I expect my husband home at any time," she hastened to say. And thinking she saw a change in the man's countenance at this she put on quite an air of sudden satisfaction and bounded toward the front of the house. "There! I think I hear him now," she cried.

Her motive was to gain time, and if possible to obtain the opportunity of shifting the money from the place where she had first put it into another and safer one. "I want to be able," she thought, "of swearing that I have no money with me in this house. If I can only get it into my apron I will drop it outside the door into the snowbank. It will be safer there than in any other bank."

And dashing into the sitting room she made a feint of dragging down a shawl from a screen, while she secretly

filled her skirt with the bills which had been put between some old pamphlets on the bookshelves.

She could hear the man grumbling in the kitchen, but he did not follow her front, and taking advantage of the moment's respite from his noise too encouraging presence she unbarricaded the door and cheerfully called out her husband's name.

The ruse was successful. She was enabled to fling the notes into a mound of snow, where they would soon be covered from sight, and then relieved and feeling more courageous, now that the money was out of the house, she went slowly back, saying she had made a mistake, and that it was the wind she had heard.

The man gave a gruff but knowing guffaw and then resumed his watch over her, following her steps as she proceeded to set him out a meal with a persistency that reminded her of a tiger just on the point of springing. But the inviting look of the viands with which she was rapidly setting the table soon distracted his attention, and allowing himself one grunt of satisfaction he drew up a chair and set himself down to what to him was evidently a most savory repast.

"No beer; no ale. Nothing of that sort, eh? Don't keep a bar!" he growled, as his lips closed on a huge hunk of bread.

She shook her head, wishing she had a little cold poison bottled up in a tight looking jug.

"Nothing but tea," she smiled, astonished at her own ease of manner in the presence of this fearful guest.

"Then let's have that," he grumbled, taking the bowl she handed him, with an odd look that made her glad to retreat to the other side of the room.

"Just listen to the howling wind!" he went on between the huge mouthfuls

of bread and cheese with which he was gorging himself. "But we're very comfortable, we two! We don't mind the storm, do we?"

Shook by his familiarity and still more moved by the look of mingled inquiry and curiosity with which his eyes now began to wander over the walls and cupboards, she took an anxious step toward the side of the house looking toward her neighbors, and lifting one of the shades, which had all been religious-

ly pulled down, she looked out. A swirl of snowflakes alone confronted her. She could neither see her neighbors, nor could she be seen by them. A shout from her to them would not be heard. She was as completely isolated as if the house stood in the center of a desolate western plain.

"I have no trust but in God," she murmured as she came from the window. And, nerved to meet her fate, she went back into the kitchen.

It was now half past 10. Two hours and a half must elapse before her husband could possibly arrive.

She set her teeth at the thought and walked resolutely back into the kitchen. "Are you done?" she asked.

"I am, ma'am," he leered. "Do you want me to wash the dishes? I kin, and I will." And he actually carried his plate and cup to the sink, where he turned the water upon them with another loud guffaw, as if enjoying her discomfort.

"If only his fancy would take him into the pantry," she thought, "I could shut and lock the door upon him and hold him prisoner till Ned got back."

But his fancy ended its flight at the sink, and before her hopes had fully subsided he was standing on the threshold of the sitting room door.

"It's pretty here," he exclaimed, allowing his eyes to rove again over her hiding place within sight. "I wonder now?" He stopped. His glance had fallen on the cupboard over her husband's desk.

"Well?" she asked, anxious to break the thread of his thought, which was fast calling up a demoniac expression to his gaunt but powerful features.

He started, dropped his eyes, and turning looked at her with a momentary fierceness. But, as she did not let her own glance quail, but continued to look at him with what she meant for a smile on her pale lips, he subdued this outward manifestation of passion, and, chuckling to hide his embarrassment, began backing into the entry, leaning at her with what she felt was a most horrible smile. Once in the hall he hesitated, as if it seemed to her for a long time; then he slowly went toward the garment he had dropped on entering and stooping down drew from underneath its folds a wicked looking stick. Giving a kick to the coat, which sent it into a remote corner, he bestowed upon her another smile, and still carrying the stick went slowly and reluctantly away into the kitchen.

"Oh, God Almighty, help me!" thought she.

But there was nothing for her to do but endure, so throwing herself into a chair, she tried to calm the beating of her heart and summon up courage for the struggle which she felt was before her. That he had come to rob and only waited to take her off her guard she now felt certain, and rapidly running over in her mind all the expedients of self defense possible to one in her situation, she suddenly remembered the pistol which Ned kept in his desk. Oh, why had she not thought of it before! Why had she let herself grow mad with terror when here, within reach of her hand, lay such a means of self defense!

With a feeling of joy (she had always hated pistols before and soiled Ned when he bought this one) she started to her feet and slid her hand into the drawer. But it came back empty. Ned had taken the weapon away with him.

For a moment a surge of the bitterest feeling she had ever experienced passed over her; then she called reason to her aid and was obliged to acknowledge that the act was but natural, and that from his standpoint he was much more likely to need it than herself. But the disappointment, coming so soon after hope, unnerved her, and she sank back in her chair, giving herself up for lost.

How long she sat there with her eyes on the door, where she momentarily expected her assailant to reappear, she never knew. She was conscious only of a sort of apathy that made movement difficult and even breathing a task. In vain she tried to change her thoughts, in vain she tried to follow her husband in fancy over the snow covered roads and into the gorge of the mountains. But imagination failed her at this point. Do what she would, all was misty in her mind's eye, and she could not see that wandering image. There was blankness between his form and her, and no life or movement anywhere but here in the scene of her terror.

Her eyes were on a strip of rug that covered the entry floor, and so strange was the condition of her mind that she found herself mechanically counting the tassels that finished its edge, growing wroth over one that was worn, till she hated that sixth tassell and mentally determined that if she ever outlived this night she would strip them all off and be done with them.

The wind had lessened, but the air had grown cooler and the snow made a sharp sound where it struck the panes. She felt it falling, though she had not all view of it. It seemed to her that a pall was settling over the world and that she would soon be smothered under its folds. Meanwhile no sound came from the kitchen, only that dreadful



ly pulled down, she looked out. A swirl of snowflakes alone confronted her. She could neither see her neighbors, nor could she be seen by them. A shout from her to them would not be heard. She was as completely isolated as if the house stood in the center of a desolate western plain.

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He started, dropped his eyes, and turning looked at her with a momentary fierceness. But, as she did not let her own glance quail, but continued to look at him with what she meant for a smile on her pale lips, he subdued this outward manifestation of passion, and, chuckling to hide his embarrassment, began backing into the entry, leaning at her with what she felt was a most horrible smile. Once in the hall he hesitated, as if it seemed to her for a long time; then he slowly went toward the garment he had dropped on entering and stooping down drew from underneath its folds a wicked looking stick. Giving a kick to the coat, which sent it into a remote corner, he bestowed upon her another smile, and still carrying the stick went slowly and reluctantly away into the kitchen.

"Oh, God Almighty, help me!" thought she.

But there was nothing for her to do but endure, so throwing herself into a chair, she tried to calm the beating of her heart and summon up courage for the struggle which she felt was before her. That he had come to rob and only waited to take her off her guard she now felt certain, and rapidly running over in her mind all the expedients of self defense possible to one in her situation, she suddenly remembered the pistol which Ned kept in his desk. Oh, why had she not thought of it before! Why had she let herself grow mad with terror when here, within reach of her hand, lay such a means of self defense!

With a feeling of joy (she had always hated pistols before and soiled Ned when he bought this one) she started to her feet and slid her hand into the drawer. But it came back empty. Ned had taken the weapon away with him.

For a moment a surge of the bitterest feeling she had ever experienced passed over her; then she called reason to her aid and was obliged to acknowledge that the act was but natural, and that from his standpoint he was much more likely to need it than herself. But the disappointment, coming so soon after hope, unnerved her, and she sank back in her chair, giving herself up for lost.

How long she sat there with her eyes on the door, where she momentarily expected her assailant to reappear, she never knew. She was conscious only of a sort of apathy that made movement difficult and even breathing a task. In vain she tried to change her thoughts, in vain she tried to follow her husband in fancy over the snow covered roads and into the gorge of the mountains. But imagination failed her at this point. Do what she would, all was misty in her mind's eye, and she could not see that wandering image. There was blankness between his form and her, and no life or movement anywhere but here in the scene of her terror.

Her eyes were on a strip of rug that covered the entry floor, and so strange was the condition of her mind that she found herself mechanically counting the tassels that finished its edge, growing wroth over one that was worn, till she hated that sixth tassell and mentally determined that if she ever outlived this night she would strip them all off and be done with them.

The wind had lessened, but the air had grown cooler and the snow made a sharp sound where it struck the panes. She felt it falling, though she had not all view of it. It seemed to her that a pall was settling over the world and that she would soon be smothered under its folds. Meanwhile no sound came from the kitchen, only that dreadful

ly pulled down, she looked out. A swirl of snowflakes alone confronted her. She could neither see her neighbors, nor could she be seen by them. A shout from her to them would not be heard. She was as completely isolated as if the house stood in the center of a desolate western plain.

"I have no trust but in God," she murmured as she came from the window. And, nerved to meet her fate, she went back into the kitchen.

It was now half past 10. Two hours and a half must elapse before her husband could possibly arrive.

She set her teeth at the thought and walked resolutely back into the kitchen. "Are you done?" she asked.

"I am, ma'am," he leered. "Do you want me to wash the dishes? I kin, and I will." And he actually carried his plate and cup to the sink, where he turned the water upon them with another loud guffaw, as if enjoying her discomfort.

"If only his fancy would take him into the pantry," she thought, "I could shut and lock the door upon him and hold him prisoner till Ned got back."

But his fancy ended its flight at the sink, and before her hopes had fully subsided he was standing on the threshold of the sitting room door.

"It's pretty here," he exclaimed, allowing his eyes to rove again over her hiding place within sight. "I wonder now?" He stopped. His glance had fallen on the cupboard over her husband's desk.

"Well?" she asked, anxious to break the thread of his thought, which was fast calling up a demoniac expression to his gaunt but powerful features.

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sense of a doom creeping upon her—a sense that grew in intensity till she found herself watching for the shadow of that lifted stick on the wall of the entry, and almost imagined she saw the tip of it appearing, when, without any premonition, that fatal side door again blew in and admitted another man at once so ominous and so threatening that she succumbed instantly before him and forgot all her former fears in this new terror.

This second intruder was a negro of powerful frame and lowering aspect, and as he came forward and stood in the doorway there was observable in his fierce and desperate countenance no attempt at the insinuation of the other, only a fearful resolution that made her feel like a puppet before him, and drove her, almost without her volition, to her knees.

"Money, is it money you want?" was her desperate greeting. "If so, here's my purse and here are my rings and watch. Take them and go."

But the stolid wretch did not even stretch out his hands. His eyes went beyond her, and the mingled anxiety and resolve which he displayed would have cowed a stouter heart than that of this poor woman.

"Keep de trash," he growled. "I want de company's money. You've got it—\$2,000. Show me where it is, that's all, and I won't trouble you long after I close on it."

"But it's not in the house," she cried. "I swear it is not in the house. Do you think Mr. Chivers would leave me here alone with \$2,000 to guard?"

But the negro, swearing that she lied, leaped into the room, and tearing open the cupboard above her husband's desk, seized the bag from the corner where she had put it.

"He brought it in this," he muttered, and tried to force the bag open, but finding this impossible he took out a heavy knife and cut a big hole in its side. Instantly there fell out the pile of

old receipts with which they had stuffed it, and seeing these he stamped with rage, and flinging them in one great handful at her rushed to the drawers below, emptied them, and finding nothing, attacked the bookcase.

"The money is somewhere here. You can't fool me," he yelled. "I saw the spot your eyes lit on when I first came into the room. Is it behind these books?" he growled, pulling them out and throwing them helter skelter over the floor. "Women is smart in the hiding business. Is it behind these books, I say?"

They had been, or rather had been placed between the books, but she had taken them away, as we know, and he soon began to realize that his search was bringing him nothing, for leaving the bookcase he gave the books one kick, and seizing her by the arm, shook her with a murderous glare on his strange and distorted features.

"Where's the money?" he hissed. "Tell me, or you are a goner."

He raised his heavy fist. She crouched and all seemed over when, with a rush and a cry, he dashed between them and he fell, struck down by the very stick she had so long been expecting to see fall upon her own head. The man who had been her terror for hours had at the moment of need acted as her protector.

She must have fainted, but if so, her unconsciousness was but momentary, for when she again recognized her surroundings she found the tramp still standing over her adversary.

"I hope you don't mind, ma'am," he said with an air of humbleness she certainly had not seen in him before, "but I think the man's dead." And he stirred with his foot the heavy figure before him.

"Oh, no, no, no!" she cried. "That would be too fearful. He's shocked, stunned; you cannot have killed him."

But the tramp was persistent. "I'm 'fraid I have," he said. "I done it before, and it's been the same every time. But I couldn't see a man of that color

and impudently plunge her hand into the negro's throat, fear open the shirt and give one look at his bared breast.

It was white.

"O God! O God!" she moaned, and lifting the head in her two hands she gave the motionless features a long and searching look. "Water!" she cried. "Bring water." But before the now obedient tramp could respond she had torn off the woolly wig disfiguring the dead man's head, and seeing the blond curls beneath had uttered such a shriek that it rose above the gale and was heard by her distant neighbors.

It was the head and hair of her husband.

They found out afterward that he had contemplated this theft for months, that each and every precaution possible to a successful issue to this most daring undertaking had been made use of and that but for the unexpected presence in the house of the tramp he would doubtless have not only extorted the money from his wife, but have so covered up the deed by a plausible alibi as to have retained her confidence and that of his employers.

Whether the tramp killed him out of sympathy for the defenseless woman or in rage at being disappointed in his own plans has never been determined. Mrs. Chivers herself thinks he was actuated by a rude sort of gratitude.

Old World Christmas Proverbs. Every one in America knows the old world proverb, "A green Christmas makes a fat graveyard," but few others of the old world Christmas saws are current here. Some of these saws are exceedingly interesting and not less instructive as showing



## A CHRISTMAS EVE VISION.

Weird, ghostly shadows dance upon the wall,  
The dying embers flicker in the grate.  
From out the darkness voices seem to call,  
And a lone star gleams like the eye of fate.

Can nature sympathize with human pain,  
And the wind moan because poor mortals mourn?  
If so, no wonder that its low refrain  
Is sad tonight, as if of misery born.

Sigh, O woe, woe, as if through all the years  
That man knew sorrow thou hadst ceaseless swept  
Across the graves bedewed by human tears,  
Freighted with all the woes of those who wept!

The past is drawn on my brain, and I  
Am now where solitude has found a voice,  
While on my ear falls, soft as lover's sigh,  
The words of her, my first, my only choice.

I feel the pressure of her hand in mine;  
The soothing touch of her hair on my brow;  
Hear, soft as south wind sighing through the pine,  
The words of love, not sweeter then than now.

O maiden fair, of the blue eyes that bright,  
Where love enshrined itself in depths profound,  
Twine sprig of holly in thy hair tonight,  
Thou long loved one, thou lost to me, now found!

Mute, thou dar'st me take at midnight chime  
Beneath the mistletoe love's first, pure kiss,  
Which verged my being to a point in time,  
And conscious life was naught but conscious bliss.

Oh, fancy that didst cheat me for an hour,  
No more canst thou such magic o'er me cast  
Or lonely room become an Eden's bower  
By thy so vivid pictures of the past!

I am again alone. That vision bright  
Of youth's brief, happy days has passed away,  
And like sun glinted clouds as fades the light  
The glamour's ended in a cheerless gray.

I hear the sobbing winds again let loose,  
The dying embers flicker in the grate,  
The twinkling star looms from afar alone,  
While I, a prey to sadness, bide my fate.

NEIL MACDONALD.

## 99 LINWOOD STREET.

A CHRISTMAS STORY BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

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A gray cloud musing, the duck wet, the iron all beaded with frost, all the long shoremen in heavy pea jackets or cardigans, the whole ship in a bustle and the favored first class passengers just leaving.

One and looking Irish girl stands with her knit hood almost spotted with the rime, and you cannot tell whether those tears which hang from her black eyelashes or whether the fog is beginning to freeze there. What you see is that the poor thing looks right and left and up the pier and down the pier, and that in the whole crowd—they all seem so selfish—she sees nobody. Hundreds of people going and coming, pushing and hauling, and Nora's big brother is not there, as he promised to be and should be.

Mrs. Oshorn, the motherly Swedish woman, who has four children and ten tin cups and a great bed and five trunks and a fatuous, frolicsome husband, makes three, between cousins and uncles and custom house men and sharpers, to run up every now and then and to say that Nora must not cry, that she must be easy, that she has spoken to the master and the master has said that in three hours earlier than they were expected. And all this was so kindly meant and so kindly said that poor Nora brushed the tears away, if they were tears, and thanked her, though she did not understand one word that dear Mrs. Oshorn said to her. What is language, or what are words, after all?

And the bright buttoned, the dressed little ship's doctor, whom poor Nora hardly knew in his sailor finery—he made time to stop and tell her that the ship was too early, and that she must not worry. Father, was it, she was waiting for? "Oh, brother! Oh, he will be sure to be here! Better sit down. Here is a chair. Don't cry. I am afraid you had no breakfast. Take this orange. It will cheer you up. I shall see you again."

Alas! the little doctor was swept away and forgot Nora for a week, and she "was left lamenting."

For one hour went by, and two and three. The Swedish woman went, and the doctor went, and the girl could see the

captain go, and the mate that gave them their orders every morning. The custom house people, who had to go. The cars and other carriages for the gentry had gone long before.

And poor Nora was left lamenting.

Then was it that that queer Salvation Army girl, with a coal scuttle for a bonnet, came up again. She had smiled pleasantly two or three times before, and had asked Nora to eat a bun. Poor Nora, who was ill, had cried heartily this time. "But the other was patient and kind and said just what the others had said. Only she did not go away. And she had the sense to ask if Nora knew where the brother lived."

"Fwyh, of course I do, miss. See, here is the paper."

And the little soldier lass read it: "99 Linwood street, Boston."

"My poor child, what a pity you did not let us see it before!"

Alas and alas! Nora's box was of the biggest. But the army lass flinched at nothing.

An immense wagon, with two giant horses, loaded with the most extraordinary chests which have been seen since the days of the vikings. Piled on the top were many feather beds, and on the top of the feather beds a Scandinavian matron, with Mike, the good natured teamster, who was at once captain and pilot of this craft, the army lass had easily made her treaty, when he was told the story. He was to carry Nora and her outfit to the Linwood street house, where she was to stay, and to deliver her to Nora's father.

"And indeed it had taken these two hours to get to the house, and it was not far, miss. There's a short cut behind Egan's, if indeed he did not put up a tin-tin house since I was that way."

And with new explanations to Nora that all was right, that indeed it was better this way than it would have been had her brother been called for, the wagon moved on. The driver's seat, and her precious "box" was so placed that she could rest her little feet upon it.

Nora was proudly consoled to the friendly lass the assurance that she had money, had even shown a crisp \$3 bill which had been sent to her for expenses.

But when the lass made the contract with Mike Dermott the good fellow said she should take Nora and her box for the love of County Cork. "Indeed, indeed, I don't take money from the like of her."

And so they started, with the Swedish man walking on one side of the cart with their rifles, keeping a good lookout for buffaloes and red Indians and grizzly bears, as men landing in a new country which they were to civilize. More sailing, for there was the ferry to cross to old Boston.



ELLEN WAS AMAZED.

ton. Much waiting, for there was a broken down coach wagon in Salutation alley. Long conference between Nora and Mike, in which he did all the talking and she all the listening, and the result was that Mr. McCarthy, and what O'Brien thought of this and what Cunniff thought of that. Then an occasional question came in Swedish from the matron above their heads and was followed by a reply in Celtic English from Mike, each wholly ignorant of the views or wishes of the others. And occasionally the report of rifles, after some particular attack of chiefs, in words which they fortunately did not understand, looked up to their matron, controller and director, exchanged words with her and then studied the pavement again for tracks of buffalo. A long hour of all this, the stone and brick of the city giving away to green trees between the houses as they came to the beach.

Poor Nora looks right and looks left, hoping to meet her big brother. She begins to think she shall remember him. Everybody else looks so different from Fanny that he must look like home.

But there is no brother.

There is at last a joyful cry as the Swedish matron and the rifleman recognize familiar faces. And Mike smiles gladly and brings round the stout boys with a twinkle, so that the end of the cart comes square to the sidewalk. Somebody produces a staphylinid, and the Swedish matron, with her birdcage in her hand, shakes in triumph. Much kissing, much shaking of hands, much thanking of God, more or less repentant. Then the cords are cut, heads diverge, and the giant boxes, led, the sons of Anak only know how. The money covenanted for is produced and paid, and Mike mounts lightly to Nora's side.

"And now, Nora, my child, where is the paper? For in two minutes we'll soon be there, now that this rubbish is landed."

And he read on the precious paper, "John McLaughlin, 99 Linwood street."

Strange to say the paper said just what it had said two hours before.

"And now, my dear child, we will be there in ten minutes, if only we can cross back of Egan's."

And although they could not cross back of Egan's, for Egan had put up a "tin-tin" house since Mike last passed, they were yet in ten minutes Linwood street had been found. No, 99 at last revealed itself, between Nos. 7 and 8—a great six story wooden timber box, with clotheslines mysterious behind, open doors in front, long passages running through, three doors on each side of a passage, and the wondering heads of 11 women who belonged to five different races and spoke in six different languages appearing from their 11 windows, as Mike and Nora and the two boys all stopped at one and the same moment at the door.

Mike was already anxious about his time, for he was to be at the custom house an hour away or more, at 11 sharp. But he selected a certain Mrs. Flynn from the 11 white-crowned women, he explained to her briefly that John McLaughlin was to be found, he told Nora for the thirty-seventh time that all was right, and that she must not cry, he looked at his watch again, rather anxiously, mounted his box, and drove swiftly away.

He was the one thread which broke Nora to this world. And this thread broke before her eyes.

Mrs. Flynn offered to be cheerful. But she was not cheerful. Mrs. Flynn was a prominent person in her sodality. And well she knew that if any John McLaughlin in those parts were expecting any sister from home she should know him and were he alive, would he know, also, that John McLaughlin, the mason, was born in Glasgow; that John McLaughlin, who is on the city work, had all his family around him, and, most distinct of all, she knew that no McLaughlin, sisterless or many sistered, lived in this beehive which she lived in, though it was 99 Linwood street. Into her own cell of sad bewilderment, however, she never let herself be drawn. Into the hallway she bade the leading neighbor boys bring Nora's trunk; in a language Nora could hardly understand she explained to her that all would be well as soon as the policeman passed by. She sent Mary Murphy, who happened to be at home from school, for a pint of milk, and so compelled Nora to drink a cup of tea and to eat a blonnet and a dropped egg, while they waited for the policeman.

Of course he knew of seven John McLaughlins. He even went to the drug store and looked in the Boston Directory to find that there were there the names of 81 more. But not one of them lived in Linwood street, and they all knew already. All the same, Nora was charmed not to cry, and to drink more tea and eat more bread and butter. The "cop" said he would look in on three of the Johns whom he knew, and intelligent boys now returning from school were sent to the homes of the other four to interrogate them as to any expectation. When the policeman came, the o'clock answers were received from all the seven. No one of them expected chick or child from Fanny.

But the "cop" had a suggestion to make. His pocket list of names of streets revealed another Linwood street—in Roxbury; not this one in Dorchester. Be it known to unlearned readers, who were sitting in Montana following along this little tale, that Roxbury and Dorchester are both parts of that large municipality called Boston. Though no John McLaughlin was in the directory for 99 Linwood street, Roxbury, was not that the objective? Poor Nora was questioned as to Roxbury. She was sure she never heard of it.

"But this place was good to be lost, and the direction of the friendly 'cop' was too great to be resisted. He telephoned to the central office that Nora McLaughlin, just from Ireland, had been found, in a fashion, but that no one knew where to put her. Then he stopped a milkman from Braintree, who delivered afternoon milk for invalids.

Was he not going through Roxbury?

Of course he was.

Would he not take this lost child to 99 Linwood street?

Of course he would. Milkmen, from their profession, have hearts warm toward children.

Well, if he were to take her, he had better take her trunk too.

To which illogical proposal the milkman acceded—on the afternoon route there is so much less milk to take than there is in the morning.

So Nora was lifted into the milk wagon. In tears she kissed good Mrs. Flynn. The boys and girls assembled to bid her good-bye, and even she had a hope for a few moments that her troubles were at an end.

At 99 Linwood street, Roxbury, they were preparing for the Review club.

The Review club met once a fortnight at half past 2 o'clock at the house of one or another of the members. They first arranged the little details of the business. Then the hostess read, or made some original, the scraps which seemed most worthy in the reviews and magazines of the last issues, and at 4 the husbands and brothers and neighbors generally dropped in, and there was afternoon tea.

You are sure you have cream enough, Ellen?

"Oh, yes, mum."

"All kinds of tea, you know, that which the Chinese gentleman sent, and be sure of the chocolate for Mrs. Bunce."

"Indeed yes, mum."

"And let me know just before you bring up the hot water." Doorbell rings.

"There is Mrs. Walker now."

"No, wasn't Mrs. Walker. She came three minutes after. But before she came Howells, the milkman, had lifted Nora from her seat. As the snow fell fast on the doorsteps, he carried her carefully up to the door and even by the time Ellen answered the bell, he had the heavy chest, dragging it over the snow by the stout rope at one end.

Ellen was amazed to find this group instead of Mrs. Walker. She called her mistress, with amazement—Nora's rustic story with amazement—not to any amusement.

"You poor dear child!" she cried at once. "Come in where it is dry! John McLaughlin? No, indeed! Who can John McLaughlin be? Ellen, what is Mike's last name?"

Mike was the choroman, who made the furnace fire, and kept the sidewalk.

"Mike's name, mum? I don't know, mum. Mary will tell you."

And for the moment Ellen disappeared to find Mary.

"Never mind, never mind. Come in, you poor child. You were very good to be here. Mr. Howells is very good indeed. We will take care of her. Is it going to storm?"

Mr. Howells thought it was going to storm and turned to go away. At that moment Mrs. Walker arrived, the first corner of the Review club. And Nora's new hostess had to turn to her guests, while Ellen in the last case for the afternoon table had to comfort Nora by spending it was left for Margaret, the chambermaid, to pump out, or to screw out, as you choose—the details of the story, from the poor frightened wail, who seemed more estray than ever.

John McLaughlin? No. Nobody knew anything about him. The last choroman was named McGowan, but he went to Ottawa three years ago!

And while the different facts and doubts were canvassed in the kitchen, up stairs they settled the Bulgarian question, the origin of the natives of Tasmania and the last questions about realism.

Only the mind of the lady of the house returned again and again to questions as to the present residence of John McLaughlin.

For in spite of the gathering snow and the prospect of more, the members of the Review club had followed fast on Mrs. Walters and gathered in full force.

The hostess, though somewhat preoccupied, was courteous and ready.

Only the functions of the club, as they went forward, would be occasionally interrupted. Thus she would read aloud "as in her private duty bound."

"The pansantry were excited, but were held in check by promises from Stambuloff. The emissaries of the czar!"

"Mr. Goodspeed, would you mind reading out?" Howells placed. I send my postman pass the window."

And so, moving quickly to the front door, she interviewed the faithful Harrington, dressed, heaven knows why, in Confederate uniform of gray. For Harrington had served his four years in the loyal side. Four times a day did Harrington with his letter bag renew the connection of his household with the world and other worlds.

"Dear Mr. Harrington, I thought you could tell us. Here is a girl named Nora McLaughlin, and here is her trunk, both left at the door by the milkman, and we do not know anything about where she belongs."

"Insufficient address?" asked Harrington professionally.

"Exactly. All she knows is that her brother is named John."

"A great many of them are," said Harrington, already writing on his memorandum book, and in his memory fixing the fact that a large two legged living parcel, insufficiently addressed, had been left at the wrong door. "And indeed, I was, also, a trunk, too large for delivery by the penny post."

"I will tell the other men, and if I was you I would send to the police."

"Would you mind telling the first officer you meet? I hate to send my girls out."

And so she returned to Bulgaria.

But Bulgaria was small, and Mr. Conover handed her an article on "Antarctic Discovery." She was again reading:

"Under these circumstances Captain Wilkes, who had collected a boatload of stones from the front of the glacier," when she gave back The Forum to Mr. Conover.

"Would you mind going on just a minute," she said and ran out to meet the ice man.

So soon as he had left his time she said:

"Mr. Fridge, would you mind stopping at the Dudley school as you go home and telling Miss Lougee that there is a lost girl here?" etc.

Good Mr. Fridge was most eager to help, and the hostess returned to the club, and again read on with the temperature, as she observed it, was 99 degrees C; but, as the alcohol in their tins was frozen at the moment, there seemed reason to suspect the correctness of this observation.

And a silver passed over the Review club.

Thus far the powers of confusion and error seemed to have been triumphant over poor Nora, or such was the success of that power who uses these agencies, if the reader prefer to personify him.

But the time had come to turn his left flank and to attack his forces in the rear, for the postman now took the field—that is to say, Harrington, good fellow, finished his third delivery, four good miles and nine-tenths of a furlong, snow two inches deep, three, four, six, before he was done, and then returned to his branch office to report.

"Two legged parcel, insufficient address; 99 Linwood street! Jim, what ever comes to that letter that went to 99 Linwood street with insufficient address six weeks ago?"

"Linwood street? Insufficient address? Foreign letter? Why, of course, you know, went back to the central office."

"I guessed it did," said Harrington grimly. "So I must go there too."

This meant that after Harrington had gone his rounds again on delivery route No. 4, four more miles and nine-tenths

more of a furlong, 513 doorbells and only 10 boxes, moving now ranging from 1 to 13 on the sidewalks, and breast deep where there was a chance for drifting, when all this was well done, so that Harrington had no more duties to Uncle Sam, he could take Nora McLaughlin's work in hand, and thus deliver the prince of evil to the central office by a horse-car.

Blocked once or twice, but well at the office at 7:30 in the evening.

Christmas work heavy, so the whole home of the city. That is well. Enemy of souls looks one point there.

Blind letter clerks all here. Insufficient delivery men both here. Chief of returned bureau here. All summoned to the foreign office as Harrington told his story. Indexes produced, ledgers, journals, day-books and private notebooks. John McLaughlin's biography followed out on 67 of the different avatars in which his personality has been manifested under that name. False trail here—few breaks there—some false here, but at last a joyful cry from Will Search.

"Here you are! Insufficient address. Nov. 1. Queenstown letter—Linwood to John McLaughlin. Try Dorchester. Try Roxbury. Try East Boston. Try Somerville. And there it stops, and is not returned."

"In the Somerville!"

In these words great light fell over the eager circle. Not because Somerville is the seat of an insane hospital. Not because it is not in the Boston Directory. If you please, Somerville is one independent city, and so, unless John McLaughlin lived in Boston, if he lived in Somerville, he would not be in the Boston Directory.

Nora much! Somerville has its own seven John McLaughlins besides those Boston ones.

"I say, Harry, Tom, Dick—somebody fetch Somerville Directory!"

Dick flew and returned with the book.

"Here you be! John McLaughlin, last-born, 99 Linwood street!"

"Victory!"

Satan's forces tremble, and as the different officers return to their desks "even the ranks of Tucson" in that well bordered office "can scarce forbear to cheer."

"As for Harrington, he bids goodby, wraps his tartan around him and is out in the snow again. Where Linwood street is he "hangs his name" than the bridge. But somebody will know.

Somerville, can. Draw of bridge open. Man falls into the river and has to be rescued. Draw closes. Snow drift at Margin street. Shovelers. Drift open. Corner of Somerville. Apothecary's shop. Corner of Somerville.

"Please, where is Linwood street?"

"Take your second left, cross three or four streets, turn to the right by the water pipe, take the third right, go down hill by the schoolhouse and take second left, and you come out at 11 Linwood street."

All which Harrington does. He experiences one continual burst of joy that his route does not take him through these detours daily. But his professional experience is good for him. We have no need to describe his false turns. Even answered would have been useless in that snow. At last, just as the Somerville bells ring for 9 o'clock, Harrington also rings triumphant at the door of the little five roomed cottage, where his lantern has already revealed the magic number "99."

Ring! as for a gift edged special delivery.

Door thrown open by a solid man with curly red hair, unshaven since Sunday, in his shirt sleeves and with kerosene lamp in his hand.

"Are you John McLaughlin?"

"Indeed I am; the same."

"And where's your sister Nora?"

"The good fellow, who had been stern before, broke down and said, 'I was saying to Ellen it's an awful night for 'em to be out!'"

"ARE YOU JOHN McLAUGHLIN?"

all in the gleam of the coat in the ship. The holy Virgin and the good God take care of 'em!"

"They have taken care of them," said Harrington reverently. "The ship is safe in dock, and your sister Nora is in Roxbury, at 99 Linwood street!"

A broad grin lighted his face as he spoke the words.

There was joy in every bed and at every look of the five rooms. Then John hastily donned coat, cardigan and ulster. He persuaded Harrington to drink a cup of red hot tea which was brewing on the stove. While the good fellow did so, and ate a St. Anne's bun, which Mrs. McLaughlin provided in triumph, John was perusing Hermann Gross, the expressman, next door, to put the gray into a light pung he had for special delivery. By the time Harrington went to the door two lanterns were flitting about in the snow piled yard behind the two houses.

Harrington assisted in yoking the gray. In five minutes the two Johns were dashing to the gate. The gray crossed the stone bridge, bound south to Roxbury. Poor little Nora was asleep in the parlor on the sofa. She had begged and begged that she need not be put to bed, and by her side her protector sat reading about the antarctic. But of a sudden Harrington reappeared!

"Is it Santa Claus?"

"Indeed it is! Beard, hat, coat, all white with!"

And Santa Claus has come for the best present he will deliver that evening!

Dear little Nora is wrapped in eolastiks and other skins, mauls and astrakhan rugs. She has a hot brick at her feet, and Pompey, the dog, is laid to lie over them, so John McLaughlin No. 68 takes her in triumph to 99 Linwood street.

That was a Christmas to be remembered! And Christmas morning, after church, the Brothers of St. Patrick, which was the men's society, and the Sodality of St. Anne's, which was the women's, determined on a great twelfth night feast to celebrate Nora's return.

It was to show "how these brethren love one another."

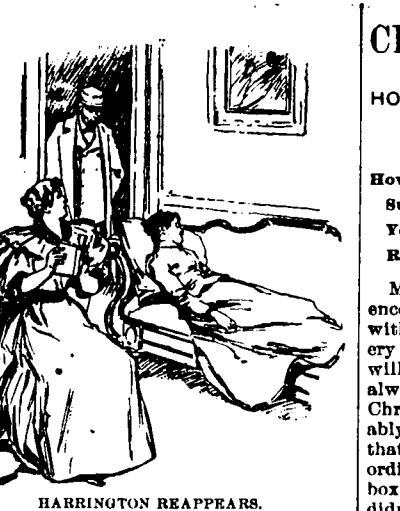
They proposed to take the rink. People didn't use it for skating in winter as much as in summer.

Nora was to receive with her, John McLaughlin and his wife to assist. The other 74 John McLaughlins were to act as cachers.

The Salvation Army came first, led by their own band and followed by the police.

Proceeding No. 3 was Mike and the teamsters who "do not take nothing for such as 'he'."

Third, in special horse cars, which went through from Dorchester to Somerville by a vermillion edict from the West



HARRINGTON REAPPEARS.

End company, the 11 families of that No. 99. They stopped in Roxbury to pick up Ellen and the hostess of the Review club. Fourth, all the patrolmen who had helped and all who had tried to help, led by "cop" No. 47.

Fifth, all the school children who had told the story and had made inquiries.

Sixth, the man who made the Somerville Directory.

Seventh and last, in two barouches, Harrington and the chiefs of staff at the general postoffice. And the boys asked Father McElroy to make a speech to all just before the coming home of Christmas.

And he said: "The lost sheep was never lost. She thought she was lost in the wilderness, but she was at home, for she was met by the Christmas greeting of the world, into which the dear Lord was born!"

Don'ts for Christmas.

Don't pay more for the Christmas tree than you do for the fruit. This is for everybody.

Don't expect too much in the way of Christmas gifts. You must have to put your foot in your stocking before you find anything in it. This is for those of sanguine temperament.

Don't buy presents until after you have performed that duty for any one else. This is for those who are generous of heart.

Don't give your boy a drum and then tell him he mustn't make a noise with it. Don't give your daughter a horse and forbid her to take it out of the stable without asking you. This is for parents who have enough money to afford drums and horses for Christmas gifts.

Don't be overlastingly harping on what you wish to have for a Christmas gift. Possibly all your friends will take the hint and then you'll have a surplus and have to start a store to reduce it. This is for a large and highly amusing class.

Don't think that the spirit of good will, the impulse of generosity and the jolly laugh of good fellowship are things that are less necessary to your being truly happy all the year round than they are on Christmas day. By bearing this in mind you may be able to enjoy 1896 as you have enjoyed no other year. Like the first "don't," this is for everybody.

Christmas Selections.

Christ's cradle was as wonderful as his cross. For none of the first and last am not surprised at the latter. The door by which he entered was as tremendous as the door by which he went out. He had only two friends—his parents. No satin lined cradle, no delicate attentions, but straw, and the cattle, and the coarse joke and banter of the camel drivers. From the depths of that poverty he rose until today he is honored throughout all Christendom and sits triumphant on the Imperial throne in heaven.—Dr. Talmage.

There is Christmas east and Christmas west, Christmas north and Christmas south, but whether amid the snow or the roses it is the same dear festival. I have spent Christmas in St. Augustine and San Diego, in Boston and Chicago, and Santa Claus was the same jolly old gentleman in all four places.—Unidentified Philosopher.

Not all are able to give golden gifts, or gifts bought with gold. But who is so poor that on Christmas day he may not bestow a pleasant word on some one poorer than himself? Who is so downcast that he may not give a token of sympathy to some fellow mortal in distress, a smile of friendly recognition to some forlorn one? Even a cup of cold water given in the name of him who is honored throughout all Christendom and sits triumphant on the Imperial throne in heaven.—Christmas Chimes.

The injunction, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," should be especially remembered at Christmas time.

Christmas and Sentiment.

A period like the present, when the commercial spirit prevails and people are devoted to material interests almost to the exclusion of everything else, they are very liable to relegate sentiment to the back-ground. This tendency is even noticeable in the celebration of particular events, such as the birth of Christ, when young and old are too generally inclined to regard the observance as a sentimental occasion without thinking of their significance or the sentiment underlying them. If this decay of sentimentality affected the external aspects of our lives, our business, and the ordinary affairs and events of our everyday existence it were a matter of no great importance, but when it adversely influences our views on religion, on society, art, the love of nature, etc., we must admit that the matter is one of grave importance. Religion is largely a matter of sentiment, and he who regards society merely from the standpoint of the utilitarian, while he may be a fairly good citizen, will most assuredly be an un sympathetic, unsocial and not very amiable man. Art, the love of natural beauty and these graceful and elegant things which give such an ideal to our life, are almost exclusively dependent for their very existence upon sentiment. How sordid and mean would our lives be if deprived of all those finer feelings, romantic notions and idealizations which keep alive the spiritual flame within us? N. M.

Christmas Changes.

The Yule log has given place to the steam radiator, the furnace register and the base burning heater, and we who are warmed by any of these means on Christmas eve are quite as likely to enjoy Christmas as were our forefathers and foremothers, who used to celebrate its festivities when gathered about the old time fireplaces. There have been changes in heating apparatus, but human nature and Christmas remain as they were and will probably so remain after the present apparatus has been displaced by electric heaters. We grumble about our furnaces, our radiators and our stoves and will probably grumble about our electric heaters, but in Yule log times our ancestors were often roasted on one side and frozen on the other.

## CHRISTMAS IN CAMP.

HON. AMOS J. CUMMINGS RELATES AN AMUSING EXPERIENCE.

How He Added a Pot of Soup, a Little Sugar, Some Molasses and a Canteen of Yeast to the Christmas Mess—On Short Rations.

My recollections of Christmas experiences in the army are mostly connected with the matter of grub, and I suppose every other old soldier, if he is frank enough, will admit the same thing. As a rule we always looked for boxes from home on Christmas day, and those boxes were tolerably certain to have something in them that made a delightful change from the ordinary rations. When we got those boxes, we celebrated Christmas. When we didn't, we didn't celebrate. Christmas was pretty much the same on any other day under those circumstances.

The particular Christmas that stands up above all others in my memory was that of 1863. We had gone into camp after Fredricksburg, at a place called White Oak church, about six miles from Falmouth, Va., and on the day when Christmas came. We looked for our boxes, of course, for we

But before that, on the morning after Christmas day, there was the very mischief to pay in camp, and if I had been in for some punishment, for we had done a great amount more of mischief than we knew anything about.

It appeared that there was a politician of some standing—I think he was an alderman from some or another town—who had been in camp for some days looking for the remains of his brother, who had been killed some time before, and he had found them Christmas morning. The body had been disinterred and put in a handsome coffin that the alderman had brought from home, and the coffin had been put in the stone house over night.

Of course we didn't know it was there. Perhaps it might have made a difference to Nason and me if we had known. I don't know as I care about expressing an opinion on such a delicate question. At all events we didn't know, and naturally we couldn't be expected to bore holes through the floor in as many places as we did bore them, and even so, what was the matter as a matter of fact we had bored three or four holes in it. It hadn't really spoiled the coffin for actual service, but it had certainly damaged it to some extent.

Well, the politician made a row, and the commanding officer ordered a general search of the camp, to see if any traces could be found of the missing coffin. I suppose Nason and me—who had been guilty of the desecration. It was a pretty rigorous search, too, and our tents were ransacked thoroughly, but long before they got around to our quarters Nason and I had the coffin found and buried, and what was left of them, safely buried. Of course the yeast was all gone, and there wasn't a trace of our crimes left.

I suppose it would be easy to tell a more sentimental story about a soldier's Christmas, but the sentiment that moved us most powerfully when we were on short rations in those days was hunger.

AMOS J. CUMMINGS.

PORTRAITURES OF CHRIST.

IT IS a singular fact that throughout the entire New Testament there is nothing regarding the person of Christ, the Son of God, the Father of the church, and the early fathers of the church, who doubtless knew something of how he looked while on earth, are equally silent about it. But the fact that he has been claimed by some to have come down from apostolic times, and that copies of it were taken and are still extant. That this statement has no foundation in fact would appear to be evident from the circumstance that the old masters in their representations of the Saviour, follow no realistic model and are as various in such portraits as were their conceptions of what the real Christ should be.

This diversity must be apparent to all who have examined such paintings in the Louvre and other large collections. In Fra F. Lippi's "Madonna and Child," for instance, an exquisite creation, the face of the infant Saviour, though perfect in contour, has a look of precocious intelligence which seems unnatural in one so young. Carlo Dolce, Murillo and others, though displaying different types of child life, are perhaps equally successful in conveying a nearly satisfactory idea in their representations of the child Christ. Thiers, however, pays regard to the appearance of the infant, and as a result the face is Italian, French, Spanish or Jewish, as the case may be, rather than Jewish, as it should have been.

In paintings of the man Christ there is a still greater diversity noticeable, as would be naturally expected. The face of Christ in F. R. Fraunce's painting, "The Virgin and Two Angels Visiting Our Lord's Dead Body of Christ," is perhaps the most vivid conception of it ever traced on canvas. Though the face is evidently that of the dead, all the emotions of the soul seem to be mirrored upon it. In Bernardino's "Christ Bearing the Cross," Correggio's "Ecce Homo," Guido's "Ecce Homo," all marvelous creations, as well as in other equally masterful masterpieces, however different they may be, we get at least one, an ideal Christ, which is not about Christian sensibilities, as Munkacsy's representation of the Saviour in his famous painting, "Christ Preaching to the People."

Then we went to work again. It was a little discouraging, but we didn't propose to give up. We bored hole after hole. It seems to me we must have bored 50 or more before we got the plug out. It was some wonder for each one. Sometimes we wandered through the floor and hit nothing, and sometimes, as I said, it would be something solid.

At last we struck something that sounded like a geyser, only it spouted downward. I was right under it and I was flooded in a minute. I scrambled out of the way as quick as possible, and we investigated. It was yeast. Well, yeast didn't seem to be as near what we wanted as the molasses was, but we didn't propose to lose any tricks, so we filled the other canteen with that, after we had had a good drink apiece.

As we were now quite equal to the task, but it was a sort of substitute for the yeast we enjoyed it hugely.

We didn't succeed in plugging that up as well as we did the other holes, though we did try. The yeast was so much for us, and I am seriously afraid that that whole barrel of yeast was spilled. By this time we had pretty well despaired of finding the whiskey, but we kept on trying awhile longer, until it seemed as if we had riddled the floor so completely that there was no place left above where a barrel could stand. Finally we gave it up and began to plan a retreat.

The side of the hill in the rear of the house was covered with a sort of ice formation that was 200 or 400 feet wide and sloped downward at a pretty steep angle. We had surveyed this carefully before going in, and I said to Nason that if we could make such a rush over to where it was we could get down the hill a good deal faster than any of the sentinels would care to come after us, for all we had to do was to jump on the ice and slide down. That seemed to be about the best scheme we could think of, so we watched our chance and made a rush.

But when we got to the edge of the hill, and that was only a few feet from the storehouse, when we heard the sentries cry, "Who goes there?" It really wasn't worth while for us to stop and answer them under the circumstances, so we kept right on. There were two or three shots fired after us, but we did not get hit. I don't imagine the men on guard were very anxious to kill us, for they must have understood in an instant what we were about and probably stopped long enough to remember that they would have liked the chance to try the same thing.

So our Christmas extras that year were a pot of soup, a little sugar, a little molasses and a canteen of yeast. And I think perhaps we enjoyed the yeast more than any of the other things. The real Christmas festival did not come for some days afterward, when our boxes arrived, and I remember that I had a glorious time, for there was a big Yorkshire plum pudding in my box and three pounds of killiknick tobacco, and the tobacco was a perfect godsend.

But before that, on the morning after Christmas day, there was the very mischief to pay in camp, and if I had been in for some punishment, for we had done a great amount more of mischief than we knew anything about.

It appeared that there was a politician of some standing—I think he was an alderman from some or another town—who had been in camp for some days looking for the remains of his brother, who had been killed some time before, and he had found them Christmas morning. The body had been dis



## CHRISTMAS IN LIBBY.

MAJOR A. R. CALHOUN RECOUNTS HIS OWN EXPERIENCE.

Christmas of the Awful Battle Year of 1863—A Telling Incident of the War. The Captain's Death at Midnight—Memorable Times Recalled.

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The James river, at the bank of the prison, was locked with ice, and the snow, falling steadily outside and swept in by the cutting wind through the iron barred, glassless windows, did not lighten the gloom in the long, black rooms, where the ragged prisoners tramped to keep warm, and thought as they tramped of the dear ones in homes far beyond the battle line—dear ones whose Christmas season would be rendered joyless by thoughts of the imprisoned soldier.

"We mustn't give way to despair," said young Lieutenant Watson of the Twenty-third Wisconsin, as he took my arm and led me down the crowded length of the upper Chickamauga room, so called because most of the prisoners occupying it had been captured in that disastrous battle. "Turner has agreed to let us have the kitchen for a show tonight, and Ed Mass, God bless his brave fellow, is getting up a troupe in the Potomac room, and they will sing the old home songs and the war songs, too, and so we'll forget the hunger and the cold. After all, old fellow, happiness is largely a matter of imagination, and if a man can't get his imagination going on Christmas time—why he hasn't any, that's all."

Watson, who is now colonel of the Thirtieth, Brooklyn, or New York State guard, was, and still is, one of those brave, cheerful spirits that look over on the bright side of things and have the power to communicate their feelings to those of more somber cast, like myself.

We had reached the head of the broad damp steps leading to the lower middle room when, instead of going back in the same way, I led my friend across to the other.

"What for?" he asked.

"I want to see Bohannon, captain of the Third Middle Tennessee cavalry. You remember he came in about ten days ago."

"Yes, yes. He's a quiet sort of a chap, but looks like a good soldier. What of him?"

"Well, he's under the weather and in bad luck. He was captured in a cavalry fight near Knoxville and was pretty badly hurt by the fall of his horse. The horse was killed. You can bet on that. Then the captain got a severe cold, but he has a horror of the prison hospital and refuses to report himself on the sick list."

Captain Bohannon was half reclining, with his back against the wall and his legs stretched out on the damp floor.

He was a tall, slender man of five and thirty, with long brown hair and curly beard of the same color. The strong face must have been handsome before the sun had bronzed it to an Indian hue, and care had cut deep lines down the cheeks and between the fearless gray eyes.

"Now, there was a flush on the cheeks and a light in the eyes which experience had taught were due to prison fever instead of to health. This impression was increased as Watson and myself knelt beside the captain and pressed the strong brown hands and felt their abnormal heat."

"Before this I had again and again urged the captain to go to the prison hospital. Dr. Sabal, the Confederate surgeon in charge, was one of the best and kindest men that ever administered to the ailments of friend or foe, but the Tennesseean always shook his head and said:

"I know you're my friend, old pard, and you are dead right, but I've never been in a hospital, and I somehow feel that it would kill me if I went there. No, if I've got to be buried in a blanket, let them carry me away from here. What's the difference?"

The captain had evidently lost his grip on things terrestrial. It was not that he was a prisoner that depressed him; he was too much of a man for that, but there are heart wounds more killing than those made by bullet or saber, and the captain was suffering from one of these.

Bohannon's father had been a well to do planter in middle Tennessee, but mistaken speculations impoverished him and ended in his death, a few days before the war. George, the only child, with characteristic

spirit on two sides of the Ohio; that of 1863 was passed in the terrible series of battles that ended in Bragg's defeat at Murfreesboro. Before the victorious Union legions, Edna Crawford and her mother, eloquent weaver, fled for safety to Chattanooga. They might have remained at home in security, for not only the captain, who at once sought them out, but every Union soldier worthy the uniform he wore, would have protected them, but in those days the invading Yankee was regarded as a cruel monster.

The privation brought on a cold. Consumption followed, and a monster more insombrably cruel than the war god had an irredeemable lien on Edna Crawford's life.

Rosecrans advanced on Chattanooga and Mrs. Crawford took up her dying daughter and fled to Knoxville. Burnside came down through east Tennessee and seized Knoxville, and Bohannon's troop was the first to enter the city with the stars and stripes.

Edna was dying when the captain found her and gave her every care.

"Christmas, 1863, will soon be here, my darling," he whispered at their last meeting. But she did not hear him. The little hand grew colder in his grasp, and with her life gone all life became indifferent to him.

When George Bohannon left Edna Crawford's grave, a change came over him. He who had been the life of the camp and the soul of hope became despondent and morose. There was no change in the performance of his duties, but the men, who adored him, noticed that he had become reckless, and those who knew his secret saw that he wanted to die.

"It's here at last, boys! Tomorrow will be Christmas day, 1863. It was a blamed long time to wait in the mines and in the war, but knowing she'd be true has cheered me up. You'll all come to the wedding." That is what the captain said as we knelt beside him holding his hands.

My companion and I exchanged glances. The fever was in the brain as well as in the hands. He had no idea of his position. He was a man and not a prisoner of war. Men were talking about Christmas on all sides, and it was this that brought the controlling impulse of his life into such prominence that it dominated all his thoughts. Christmas day, 1863, was at hand, and the yearning of years was to be consummated in his union to Edna Crawford.

"I saw the danger and rose to my feet. 'Don't leave me, old pard,' said the captain, clinging to my hand. 'Remember you are to be my best man.'"

"You can depend on me, captain," I said soothingly.

"I've often dreamed about this wedding," he went on, "and for awhile I did not think we could have music and flowers and the clover and the magnolia blossom. There! Hark! to the music! They're rehearsing!" And he raised a hot hand to command attention, while from the Potomac room beyond the wall there came the refrain of the old plantation melody:

"In de mawnin, in de mawnin by de bright light—De Christmas bells'll toll out in de mawnin!"

We left him with a rapt expression on his face, while he swayed his head as if beating time to the singing in the next room.

"I'm afraid the captain's called," sighed Watson.

"Called" was a term used when we felt sure a comrade was about to die.

"But we must save him if we can. Come, let us go word to Dr. Sabal and have the captain taken to the hospital," I urged, and my heart was in my throat, for I loved Bohannon like a brother.

It was nearly dark when, after some trouble, we succeeded in getting word to Dr. Sabal. He came, and after examining the captain shook his head. I had explained to him the case, so that he was not surprised when the captain yielded him to the wedding which was set for midnight, "when Christmas eve," as the expectant man expressed it, "gives place to Christmas day."

"Yes, it is to prepare for the wedding," I said, when, holding Bohannon's hand, I led him to the head of the stairs.

He insisted that I should go with him, and the kindly doctor consented.

The hospital on the ground floor and on the eastern side of the prison was dimly lit with swinging lamps, but the light was dazzling compared with the gloom in the regular rooms. The captain was prevailed on to lie down on one of the cots. The doctor left some medicine, but there was that in his handsome face as he turned to go that convinced me he had no faith in the power of his drugs to help this case.

"A marriage is a trying matter. Yes, I'll feel the better for a rest," spoke the captain, while I sat beside him with my cold fingers pressed to his hot leaping pulse. "There's a great crowd gathered and the lights—I was always fond of light."

And so he wandered on. To him the imprisonment and the death of Edna Crawford had become as a torturing dream, and the joyous hallucination was a glowing reality.

Ragged men on crutches, ghastly faced men with the fever marks on their cracked lips and in their hollow eyes were about the cot, but if the captain saw them his wild fancy transformed them into wedding guests, and their whispering was pity and condolence.

Edna was stretched there, and she was to him congratulations on the great event that was to unite him to Edna Crawford.

It was a bitterly cold night, and the voices of the guards calling out the passing half hours about the prison were muted and hoarse. The approaching Christmas day had no pleasures in reserve for them.

The music was in honor of the approaching wedding. All the pain lines melted from the bronzed face.

Edna was tried to join in the chorus when "My Old Kentucky Home, Good Night!" was sung, but the effort died out in a rattle in his throat.

At length the concert was over, and the lights in the dreary hospital were turned down. But the captain still heard music that was not for our ears, and lights burned before his closed eyes that were not for our vision.

On the street on the west a hoarse voice shouted at length, "Twelve o'clock! Post No. 1, and all's well!" "Twelve o'clock! Post No. 2, and all's well!" and so from post to post about the prison went

the words, "All's well!"

From the Richmond churches the bells clanged out their salutation to the Christmas day just born, but the captain heard them not. True to his pledge he had joined Edna.

"Christmas, 1863,"

ALFRED R. CALHOUN.

CHRISTMAS DUTIES.

JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE ON BELIEVING AND DOING.

Broad Religious Influence of the Day. Morality and Humanity—What Jesus Was and What He Labored For—Man's Conduct His Justification.

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Nearly all the early Christian festivals which are still extant were proceeding founded on the pagan festivals preceding them, so that the influence of the old and the new could be united and identified. Christmas, as commemorative of the birth of Jesus, is an exception, having been religious from the beginning. The day of the event was not agreed on until the fourth century, when, by an inquiry of the theologians, Dec. 25 was decided to be the date, which has been observed ever since.

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## A NEW SANTA CLAUS.

Without the wind was waiving, The night was cold and drear; Within the red logs crackling Proclaimed the Christmas cheer.

"If Santa Claus would only," Said little Bertha, "now Come down the jet black chimney With painted doll and cow."

"With elephant and sebra And scarlet cockatoo, Bismarck and camel And frog and kangaroo."

"I should be very happy To see his features sweet." Her father said, with laughter, "The logs would burn his feet."

He sent them to the kitchen And told them that no doubt Santa'd come down the chimney When he saw the logs put out.

Then up stairs went the father A-laughing with delight, Put on a great fur white And hair and whiskers white.

He brought the toys down with him, And when they looked about He gave them fruit and candies And laughed to hear them shout.

He gave them toys and kissed them And sent them up to bed, That he might join the reindeer And speed upon the sled.

"The children all are happy," Unto his wife said he, "And we shan't have the bother Of dressing up that tree."

"Hurrah for all the blessings That light our cozy ken! Hurrah for Merry Christmas And peace unto all men!"

R. K. MURKITT.

TWO CHRISTMAS EVES

[Copyright, 1895, by American Press Association.]

CHAPTER I.

HOW THE FIRST ONE CAME.

"Not another word, sir," said old Eben Withers in his usual dejected manner. "I know nothing about the girl, and I don't desire her, but I do not intend you to marry for some years, and then you are not to choose a penniless bride. You are to build up the family fortune, sir, not scatter it. No, I will not listen." And he turned to his morning paper again.

Young Eben said more than his prayers sometimes, and it would not do to set down all he said to himself as he left the room. He was as plucky a lad as there was in seven counties around, but he had always been obedient, partly from a sense of duty and partly because of the genuine love that existed between father and son.

But even young Eben, after he met Miss Mildred, saw things a little differently and would perhaps have used another word than love in speaking of his father. Certainly it did not seem as if his filial love was very strong when he came to tell her what his father had said. In those days he told her everything. Afterward he grew older and learned a good many things.

Miss Mildred did not take it well. Young Eben was dissatisfied with the promptness with which she said that she would never forgive herself if she should be the cause of a quarrel between him and his father.

Young Eben looked at her attentively before speaking again, and that was a thing calculated to bewilder a man. You couldn't fully appreciate the beauty of her brown hair with its odd gleams of red and of gold before you were admiring her broad low forehead, full in the temples, rounded and symmetrical as it was. Then, as he looked down, large, hazel eyes would fasten your gaze for a moment, till the perfect complexion and chiseled, classic features would coax it away, and the sweet glory of her face would perplex you so with its multiplicity of charms that you would fall to wondering which of them was most to be desired.

After this beauty, which his father had undertaken to deny to him, without even seeing it, made young Eben desperate. "Then you want me to marry some other woman," he said.

"No, no! Never!" she exclaimed almost wildly as she threw her perfect arms around his neck and began to sob at the thought. Her quick emotions were not the least of her charms.

And that is why she did not take it well. She would, and she wouldn't listen to either side of the question. Young Eben must obey his father, and he must never cease to love her, nor ever marry any one else. And nothing was ever to induce her to waver in any respect. It was delightful—and somewhat perplexing.

"If you won't settle the matter," he said finally, "I will." That, by the way, was what he had intended from the first.

"Settle it, how?" she asked in some alarm.

"By marrying you," he said firmly, "but not just now. I will do nothing rashly."

It must be said that the next few months were pretty hard ones for the boy. He had set himself to wait, till he should be of age, as he now remembered, not with the thought of defying his father even then, but because he would render his service loyally to the last day. So time went on. His duty was done at his desk in the counting room so well that his father could not complain, rigid taskmaster though he was. His sweetheart was not neglected, and yet he found time, or made it, to keep up his studies, and his birthday came in time. Birthdays do. In the morning old Eben met him with something like emotion.

"I have looked forward to this day," he said, "as anxiously as you. You have been a good son and I believe you always will be. I am proud of you, and I believe you will live to be proud of yourself. Now that you are a man, I want to start you with this. It is yours to do with as you like."

"This" was a check for a small fortune. He took it from his pocket as he spoke and handed it to the young man, who flushed with surprise and perfectly natural pleasure as he looked at it.

"It would be idle, sir, to try to thank you in words or to try to tell you how kind and generous you are," he said. "But I have something else to ask. Even this

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## REMOVAL SALE!

For the Next Thirty Days  
WE WILL MAKE  
**SPECIAL REDUCTIONS**  
IN EVERY DEPARTMENT

From our regular selling prices we will offer the following discounts:

On cloaks and jackets.....12 1/2 per cent  
China all kinds.....15  
Cut glass.....10  
Upholstery goods and curtains.....10

We will occupy our  
NEW  
Additional stores  
467, 469 14th street  
as soon as completed.

Agents—  
Butterick Patterns,  
Dr. Jaeger Sanitary Underwear,  
Centemeri Gloves.

**TAFT & PENNOYER**  
1163 1165 1167 Broadway.

**H. J. LEWIS** Respectfully informs the public that he has just arrived a stranger in Golden Gate and is prepared to do  
**Upholstering or Carpet Laying** Will repair anything of any kind of furniture, or will manufacture or procure to order anything you want. Will keep a stock of WINDOW SHADES AND PAPER, WALL PAPER, MOUNTING, etc. Will also buy and sell second hand household goods. Prices as low as any, and all work honestly done and satisfaction Guaranteed.

Shop on San Pablo Avenue,  
Three doors north of local railway track.  
Picture Framing A Specialty.

It is said that John Vasey is the best horse shoer in Berkeley.  
I am going to the New Bazaar to my teaching. For  
**Mrs. G. V. Leland**  
Has just opened her bazaar and is selling goods as cheap as in Oakland.

**Mrs. G. V. Leland**,  
Cor. Vine and Shattuck Vrs., North Berkeley  
106

**OAKLAND Bakery**  
BIDACHE & JUNQUA, Props.  
Bakers of the Best Quality of French Bread  
Delivered Fresh every day in the year  
in Oakland, Tomesville, Berkeley,  
Alameda and San Leandro.

820 Franklin St. cor. 6th, Oakland.

**T. N. NOBLE'S**  
Brass and Iron Works.  
Cor. 6th & Rose Sts.  
All kinds of repairs to all kinds of machines.  
Boilers, Engines, Bicycles, Sewing Machines,  
Clockwork, Jewelry, etc., included.  
CHEAP CASH GROCERY & OROCKERY STORE  
NEW GOODS AT LOW PRICES.

**American Brewery**  
San Pablo Ave., West Berkeley.  
Having just added a large and extensive  
—BOTTLING WORKS—  
to our establishment, we are now prepared to deliver the best  
**LAGER BEER**  
—IN BOTTLES—  
Free of charge in all parts of Alameda County.  
Quart Bottles \$1 Pint Bottles 50 cents.  
Also Ale and Porter at \$1 per dozen.  
—We also make—  
The Finest Steam Beer  
ON THE COAST.  
RASPIER & WOHLFROM, Props.

**BEE - HIVE**  
Millinery, and Dressmaking  
—PARLORS—  
Latest Styles in  
Hats, Feathers and Flowers.  
Fashionable Dressmaking a Specialty.  
University Ave Bet Fifth and Sixth Sts.

**DR. C. P. HENRY**,  
Office and Residence 1030 Bristol street,  
Bet. 10th and San Pablo Ave., West Berkeley.  
Hours: 8 to 10 a. m., 1 to 3 and 7 to 8 p. m.  
91 Telephone 88-4 bells.

**THEO WAGNER**,  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
Bank Building, Berkeley, Cal.

**DR. BENNETT-NASH**,  
Lancaster Block, Rooms 13 and 14,  
Office hours from 10 to 12 and 4 to 6. Free clinic  
to the poor every Thursday from 10 to 12.

**BREWTON A. HAYNE**,  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
Cracker Building, San Francisco.  
Residence, Piedmont Way  
Telephone, 300

**PRICES ARE NOT**  
AT MRS. G. M. LOWE'S  
NOTION STORE  
Dwight way. Her stock  
consists of ladies and children's  
wearing apparel, readymade and made to order,  
and all kinds of notions, etc.

**ONLY HOTEL IN TOWN.**  
**Franklin Hotel**,  
JOHN J. HIGGINS, PROP.  
University Ave and 3d St. West Berkeley.  
Single Meals, 25 cts.

A First class house in every particular.

**Five Meal Tickets \$1.00**

**Fresno Fruits.**  
CHEAP AT THE  
**Fresno Fruit & Produce Co**

**Figs, 10 lb box 85 cts.**  
Fine Cluster Raisins in Layers  
Cheap.

Fancy packed Raisins for Christmas  
presents. Our stock is of our own  
production from our own vineyards  
and orchards, and sold at the lowest  
prices.

810 Broadway Oakland

**WARNING**  
The only Genuine *Gilstrap Dental*  
Parlors is at the corner of Ninth and  
Broadway, Oakland. Look for my  
*Red, White and Blue Banner*  
bearing the name of my office,  
**Gilstrap Dental Parlors.**  
No "Cut Rate Dentistry" done in  
my office, but first-class work at reasonable  
rates, and the work guaranteed.

**TAILOR**  
Business Suits  
From \$18 Up  
Suits to Order.  
Cleaning and Repairing Neatly and  
Promptly Done.  
2336 San Pablo Ave. nr.  
Channing Way  
Berkeley.  
**JOHN BARGOVIST, 71 Proprietor.**

**CHAS. SCHMIDT** Is a Practical  
IRON AND TIN WORKER  
STOVES Mended  
ROOFS Repaired.  
On Short Notice.

ALSO Orders Promptly Attended to for Chimney  
Sweeping. All work guaranteed.  
Leave Orders at J. Schreiber's, Johnson block.  
Addison St. 179 East Berkeley

**ELIE GUITTIERE**,  
Choice Wines, Liquors and Cigars.  
Paris House and Gardens. Family Resort.  
WEST BERKELEY.  
Cor. Third and Jones Streets.  
Take Oakland Boat, Change at Shell Mound for  
West Berkeley.

**CASH GROCERY STORE.**  
DANIEL DUGGAN, Proprietor.  
Corner Third and Rose Sts, Berkeley.  
—DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF—

**Fresh & Choice Groceries**  
A First-class Bar in Connection  
with the store.  
Subscribe for the GAZETTE.

## ORDINANCE NO. 37A.

Determining that the public interest  
and necessity demand the acquisition,  
construction and equipment of  
certain public improvements, to wit:  
of a wooden wharf, thirty (30) feet  
wide and extending one and one-  
quarter nautical miles into the Bay  
of San Francisco, and of certain  
public school buildings, the cost of  
which wharf and the cost of which  
school buildings will be too great  
to be paid out of the ordinary annual  
income and revenue of said Town of  
Berkeley.

BE IT ORDAINED BY THE BOARD OF  
Trustees of the Town of Berkeley as follows:  
Section 1. Whereas the Board of Trustees  
of the Town of Berkeley deem that the public  
interest and the public necessity demand that  
there be acquired, constructed and equipped  
a certain public school building, and also  
that there be acquired, constructed and equipped  
certain public school buildings, namely the  
following named school buildings:  
One (1) room school building on a suitable  
site in North Berkeley, East of Shattuck  
avenue.  
One (1) room school building on a suitable  
site in North Berkeley, East of Shattuck  
avenue.  
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One (1) room school building on a suitable  
site in North Berkeley, East of Shattuck  
avenue.

Section 2. That there be acquired, constructed  
and equipped a wooden wharf, thirty (30) feet  
wide and extending one and one-quarter (1 1/4)  
nautical miles into the Bay of San Francisco,  
at a cost of \$80,000, in gold coin of the United  
States.  
Section 3. That there be acquired, constructed  
and equipped four (4) public school buildings to  
wit:  
One (1) room school building on a suitable  
site in North Berkeley, East of Shattuck  
avenue.  
One (1) room school building on a suitable  
site in North Berkeley, East of Shattuck  
avenue.  
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site in North Berkeley, East of Shattuck  
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One (1) room school building on a suitable  
site in North Berkeley, East of Shattuck  
avenue.

Section 4. This ordinance is hereby ordered  
to be printed and published with the ayes and  
noes for two (2) days, prior to its final passage  
in the Town of Berkeley, and the cost of printing  
and publication of this ordinance shall be paid  
out of the ordinary annual income and revenue  
of said Town of Berkeley.

Section 5. This ordinance shall take effect  
immediately upon its final passage.  
Attest:  
M. L. HANBOM,  
Town Clerk.  
Finally adopted at a regular meeting of the  
Board of Trustees of the Town of Berkeley,  
held on the 6th day of December 1895, by the  
following vote:  
Ayes, Trustees Gage, Jones, O'Connell, Durrell,  
Hoff and President, Richards.  
Noes, None.  
Absent, None.  
Approved this 6th day of December 1895.  
J. W. RICHARDS,  
President of the Board of Trustees of the  
Town of Berkeley.  
Dec. 6 95  
Wanted—Cost buyers for all kinds  
of household goods; parlor and bed-  
room furniture at very low prices. Our  
aim is to reduce our immense stock in  
store. H. Schellhaus, 498 Eleventh  
street, Oakland. 18-4f

**D. R. WENTWORTH** 809 DELAWARE ST.,  
—West Berkeley, Cal.—  
**SHOES FOR CASH**  
First Quality of Boots and Shoes Cheaper than any other  
House in the County. 127

**Grand Central Market,**

**FRED BECKER, PROP.**  
908 910 Washington St., Oakland  
CALIFORNIA.

Choice Meats at Lowest Market Prices. Celebrated Mayflower Brand Pure  
Kettle Rendered Lard, Sugar Cured Hams and Bacon. Extra Fine Sausage.

Orders Solicited and Promptly Delivered in Berkeley.

**A. COPLIN'S**  
**CORSET HOUSE**  
Corsets, Waists  
of the latest im-  
proved styles, of  
various lengths and  
cuts suited to all  
Agency for the  
Royal Worcester  
Corsets, the Flexi-  
bone moulded Cor-  
sets with unbreak-  
able bones, the cel-  
ebrated Redfern  
Corsets, worn by  
many of the Queens  
of Europe, the W. R.  
French Corsets.  
All corsets fitted  
without charge and  
alterations made  
when required. Sat-  
isfaction guaranteed.  
Give us a Call 1157 Broadway. Oakland, Cal.

**Cancer and Tumor Institute.**

**NO KNIFE USED**

**Don't Fail to See Dr. C. A. Hascall.**  
The cancer specialist, late of Milwaukee. He is the most wonderful  
cancer specialist that has come to the coast. He removes cancers and tumors  
in from six to eight days; Uses no knife and causes no pain. Treats the  
whisky and morphine habit and chronic diseases. General specialist, treats  
female diseases and nervous prostration.

**NO CURE NO PAY**

His motto. Consultation Free and terms reasonable. Don't wait  
but call at once.

**7 Telegraph Avenue, Oakland.**

**WAVERLY. \$40 to \$85.**  
Do you ride a wheel? Do you intend  
purchasing one? If so call and  
examine the above before you buy.  
Sold for cash or on installments

**METROPOLITAN FURNITURE CO.**  
SOUTHWEST CORNER THIRTEENTH AND WASHINGTON STS. OAKLAND  
61 Agents for Alameda County. Open Saturday evenings until 9.

**JOS. HIRSCHFELD**  
**LEADING GROCER.**  
Cor. Sixth St. and University Ave: West Berkeley.

**PAINE & DICKIESON**  
**Real Estate & Insurance Brokers**  
805 UNIVERSITY AVENUE, BET. 5TH & 6TH STS. WEST BERKELEY.

**Houses and Lots For Sale in all Parts of town on  
Easy Terms.**  
Houses to let from \$6 to \$20 a month. Insurance as low as the Lowest  
Call and be Convinced.

**WEST BERKELEY**  
**CASH GROCERY**  
**ROBT. ABEL, Manager.**  
GROCERIES, CROCKERY ETC.  
COR. NINTH ST. & UNIVERSITY AVE. Goods delivered to all parts of Berkeley.

**THE ELITE** 968  
WASHINGTON STREET  
**MEN'S FURNISHERS**  
**\$1.00 For the Best Shirt on Earth.**  
CALL AND BE CONVINCED  
**G. ISAACS PROP 968 WASHINGTON ST.**  
OAKLAND.

If you are in need of wall paper,  
paint, oils or glass you do not have to  
go into Oakland or over to San Fran-  
cisco to procure the same for you can  
just as cheap of **Erickson & Co.** on  
San Pablo avenue between Addison  
street and University avenue. Be-  
sides carrying a stock of paints, oils,  
etc., they do interior decorating, paint-  
ing, paper hanging, whitening and  
tinting.  
At Blank's Palace of Sweets, 965  
Broadway, you can get the finest  
French mixed candies for 25 cents a  
pound. Hald's mixed 15 cents a  
pound, broken 10 cents of these pounds  
for 25 cents. Fresh every day. Ice  
cream, cakes, etc. Drop in when you  
go to Oakland. 12-1m

**Dissolution of Copartnership.**  
Know all men by these presents  
that the copartnership heretofore exist-  
ing between Cotton and Higgins in the  
manufacture of oil and what is known  
as the Eureka Oil Works, in West  
Berkeley, County of Alameda, State of  
California, has this day been dissolved,  
Mr. Higgins having retired from the  
business. All moneys due the firm  
and all moneys owed by the firm will  
be collected and paid by Mr.  
Cotton.  
J. J. HIGGINS,  
D. E. COTTON.  
Dated, West Berkeley, Nov. 27, 1895.  
15-1 m  
Turkeys and cider at D. & D. Co.  
East Berkeley. 12

**GRAND RULE**  
**BAZAARS**  
IN OAKLAND

**SANTA CLAUS** has hung up more stockings in our stores filled with holiday  
presents of most every description than you have witnessed before anywhere.  
We will string on such a large load to your dollar that you will  
feel more than satisfied.

**THE GRAND RULE BAZAARS.**  
For Toys, Groceries, Glassware, Plush Goods, useful and Luxurious  
Articles

The following numbers were prize winners.  
.....6177.....914.....14774.....9430.....14130  
.....1066.....813.....10673.....8813.....1465.....  
Stores Corner Ninth and Washington and Washington Street below  
Thirteenth and Fourteenth streets, Oakland.

**A. & M. SCHLUETER, Prop.**

**Alameda Water Co.** J. COHN A. JACOBS  
OFFICE—HANN BLOCK,  
NEAR BERKELEY STATION, CAL.

**Berkeley Bakery**  
A. THURNER, PROP.  
Cor. 7th & Bristol Sts., West Berkeley  
BAKER and CONFECTIONER.  
Bread, Pies and Cakes always on hand.  
All orders promptly attended to.

**National Bottling Co.**  
Of Oakland.  
BOEK & KIRCHNER, Agents.  
Sole Bottlers of the

**National Brewing Co.'s  
Lager Beer.**  
Sole agents for Jackson's Napa Soda. Or-  
ders delivered promptly. Family  
trade a Specialty. Office and  
Depot Northwest Corner of  
Ninth and Franklin Sts. Oakland.  
Telephone 594.

**TAILOR**  
First Class Work and Perfect Fit Guar-  
anteed. Cleaning and Repairing  
Neatly and Promptly Done.  
23 Stanford Avenue, Berkeley.  
T. C. LeFils, 130 Proprietor.

**J. J. DUNN**  
**CONTRACTOR**  
Streets Graded and Macadamized  
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE  
VINE STREET, COR. SPRING,  
NORTH BERKELEY, CAL.

**Save the  
Dimes and  
the Dollars  
will take  
Care of  
Themselves  
You can  
do this by  
patronizing**  
**UNITED STATES OF AMERICA**  
ONE DOLLAR

**J. SPENDER**  
**CASH GROCERY**  
**FOURTH ST.**  
Near University Avenue. 164

**JOHN CORMAG** Dealer in  
Coal.  
Wood,  
Hay,  
Grain,  
Etc.  
University Avenue, near Shattuck, Berkeley.  
Orders promptly attended to. 12

**You'll have a Fit**  
"You'll have a fit, my dear" she said,  
The kind that all will admire,  
If to Byron Rutley, the Tailor, go  
Henceforth for your attire,  
Now, don't forget the name and place,  
When you want the proper caper,  
On Washington, near Fourteenth St.,  
BYRON RUTLEY, DRAPER.

**BYRON RUTLEY**  
**MERCHANT TAILOR.**  
1167 Washington, near 14th Street,  
OAKLAND, CAL. 61  
**Keep off the Rain!**  
L. F. COURTNEY W. P. COURTNEY.  
**Umbrella Manufacturers.**  
514 Thirteenth St., 11 Oakland.

**J. A. MARSHALL**,  
MANUFACTURER OF  
**Artificial Stone Sidewalks**  
Gardenwalks, Basements, Floors,  
Carriage Steps, Colored Tiles, Urns and Vases  
Stone Caskets etc.  
Joseph Mason's Office, Corner Shattuck Ave.  
and Dwight way Berkeley.

**A. JACOBS & CO.**  
**Largest  
Tailoring  
Establish-  
ment on  
the Coast**  
958-960 Washington St. Oakland  
Best Fitting Clothes  
To Order at Rock Bottom Prices.

**NEW  
AND  
SECOND  
HAND  
SAVES  
AND  
SCALES**

**Sates Opened & Repaired**  
**GEO. A. WATERBURY**  
218 FREMONT STREET, S. F. OR  
1631 WOOLSEY STREET, LORIN CAL.  
119

**Rod Cameron & Co.**  
**Funeral Directors & Embalmers**  
**Furniture Matting.**  
University and San Pablo Avenue.  
Telephone Black 944, Berkeley, Cal.

**E. BRENNAN**  
**Cash Grocer**  
—DEALER IN—  
FRUIT, HAY GRAIN HARD-  
WARE, CROCKERY VARE,  
ETC., ETC.

Cor. University and San Pablo Ave.  
WEST BERKELEY, CAL.

**MRS. SWEENEY**,  
**Fashionable**  
—Dressmaker,  
Work Done Reasonable.  
San Pablo Avenue opposite  
Bay School.  
GOLDEN GATE. 141

**Rutledge's  
Drug  
Store.**  
Fifth St., and University Ave.  
West Berkeley, Cal.

**The American Saloon**  
FRANK GIMBEL, Prop.  
French Wines, Liquors and Cigars  
COR. 6TH ST. & UNIVERSITY AVE.  
WEST BERKELEY, CAL.  
Agent for Schwarz's Weis Bier.  
**OAKLAND PAVING  
COMPANY**  
OFFERS its experience of 25 years, and the ex-  
tensive character of the street it has con-  
structed in Oakland, Berkeley and Alameda, as its best  
reference to parties desiring street work on public or  
private contract. Office at  
Central Bank Building,  
Rooms 321, 322  
Oakland, Cal.  
Madame Kohne, midwife and  
ladies' nurse, has removed from 1912  
Fifth street, to Eighth street, between  
University avenue and Addison street.



**Little Johnny Horner**  
 Was passing the corner  
 He was looking very sad;  
 He had his photo taken  
 And immediately was glad.



## TELEGRAPHIC.

Special dispatches to the Gazette.

## Gomez Threatening Havana.

Havana, Dec. 24.—Gomez and the insurgent army have turned the flank of the Spanish forces, commanded by General Campos in person at Colon, and are now well to the westward of that place, threatening a quick movement upon Havana. This news from the front has created the greatest consternation here.

Dispatches have been received here confirming the announcement that the famous Cuban insurgent leader Miraba has been killed. It appears that he led the attack upon the village of Vuelitas, which was held by a few Spanish soldiers. The column of troops commanded by Major Tomas was sent to assist the Spanish garrison, and in the engagement following the insurgents lost heavily and Miraba was wounded. He died subsequently in the insurgent hospital at Sierra Cita.

Tampa, Fla., Dec. 24.—A special courier from General Maceo's command arrived here Sunday night. He reports that the Cuban army is marching toward Matanzas in three columns, one under Jose Lacretene Suarez with 2000 men; another in the north under Maceo with 3000. The center column, under General Gomez, has 6000 men. Each column has two field pieces of modern artillery. The extreme vanguard, 1000 men, is commanded by Brigadier Francisco Perez, and the rear guard of 1000 is under Quinlan Bandera.

In General Gomez's first engagement at Maltipiego with Colonel Aragona, detached expressly to lead the former's march, the Spanish loss was 340 dead. Up to the time the steamer left Havana nothing had been heard of the two companies of the battalion of Canariis. It is supposed that they fell into the insurgents' hands. Manzanillo was occupied for three days by the insurgents, who, upon leaving, destroyed the town. General Maceo was at La Jima when the latest reports concerning him had been received.

## Set Porto Rico Free.

New York, Dec. 24.—A local paper says: Members of the Porto Rican Revolutionary party, who have organized a Junta to work in conjunction with the Cuban Junta, are purchasing arms and fitting out an expedition. The organization of the party and the Junta has met with the approval of the Porto Ricans in this city and elsewhere who realize that a decisive blow can be struck for liberty now that Spain's energy is devoted to quelling the insurrection in Cuba.

It was positively learned last night that Senor Estrada Palma, on behalf of the Cuban Junta, has entered into a compact with Dr. J. Julian Henna president of the Porto Rican Revolutionary party, whereby the parties will co-operate in aiding the cause of Cuba and Porto Rico. President Henna acknowledged that he had been in consultation with President Palma and that steps will at once be taken to assist the people of Porto Rico, who are anxiously awaiting the signal to arise.

A meeting of the members of both the Cuban and Porto Rican Junta will be held at the Cuban headquarters, when a campaign favorable to the Porto Ricans will be decided upon. The Cuban Junta realizes that it has secured powerful allies in the war against Spain. With the development of an insurrection in Porto Rico the efforts of the Spanish to put down the war in Cuba will necessarily be weakened and troops will be sent from the island or Cuba to Porto Rico. For months past the revolutionary Porto Ricans in this city have been corresponding with the leading revolutionary spirits in the island, and President Henna said to-day that thirty towns had been heard from whose inhabitants are ready to revolt when the proper time comes.

He said: "We addressed communications also to our general delegates, Dr. Ramon Betances, who is also agent for the Cubans in Paris, and to other prominent Cubans and Porto Ricans abroad, who are eager to see Porto Rico free. From them we received great encouragement and proffers of assistance. They forwarded the necessary documents of endorsement."

I realize that a few men have no right to force a revolution, even in the cause of liberty, but our people are waiting only for leaders, and revolution is what these people want. Our plans are maturing. Cuba's success means Porto Rico's triumph. We will aid Cuba and she will aid us. When we are prepared for battle our people will rise, armed with guns and ammunition sent from this and other countries."

Found—A dark red spaniel dog on Sunday last, with an Oakland tag on Owner can have the same by calling on Mr. Griffin at the Neihaus mill, and paying for this notice. 38 17

## Dividend Notice.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 122 CALIFORNIA ST., CORNER 7TH ST.  
 For the half year ending the 31st of December, 1905, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and one-half per cent on deposits free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, the 29th of January, 1906.  
 LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

## Dividend Notice.

For the half year ending the 31st of December, 1905, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and one-half per cent on deposits free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, January 2, 1906. A. W. NAYLOR, Cashier.

## Eighth Street, Sewer.

## Notice of Award of Contract

PURSUANT TO STATUTE AND TO RESOLUTION of award of contract Number 58 A of the Board of Trustees of the Town of Berkeley, adopted December 20, 1905, directing this notice is hereby given that the said Board, in open session on the 20th day of December 1905, opened, examined and publicly declared all sealed proposals offered for the following work, to-wit:

That Eighth street in said town from the center line of Addison street to a point 400 feet south of the center line of Allison street, and from the center line of Allison street to a point 400 feet south of the center line of Addison street, with a six-inch vitrified iron pipe sewer to the official line and grade, with four-inch Y branches, one for each lot subdivision along the line of said street, and with lamp holes, one 400 feet south of the center line of Addison street, and one 500 feet south of the center line of Allison street.

And thereafter awarded the contract for said work to the lowest regular responsible bidder, to-wit, to N. S. Douglas at the price named for such work in his proposal on file, and that the said award has been approved by the President.

Clerk's Office of the Town of Berkeley, December 24, 1905.

M. L. HANSBOM,

Clerk of Board of Trustees of the Town of Berkeley.

San Pablo Avenue—Macadamized and Guttered.

## NOTICE OF AWARD OF CONTRACT

PURSUANT TO STATUTE AND RESOLUTION of award of contract Number 58 A of the Board of Trustees of the Town of Berkeley, adopted December 20, 1905, directing this notice is hereby given that the said Board, in open session on the 20th day of December 1905, opened, examined and publicly declared all sealed proposals offered for the following work, to-wit:

That San Pablo Avenue in said town from the northern line of Mason street to the southern boundary line of the town of Berkeley be macadamized and guttered to the official line and grade with wooden curbs, with crosswalks across Mason street, Carrington street and Haskell street, on the easterly side of San Pablo Avenue, and with wooden crosswalks on the westerly side of San Pablo Avenue across Mason street, Carrington street and Haskell street, and that a plank bridge four feet wide and three inches thick be laid over gutters on the northern and southern sides of Mason street, Carrington street, Carrington street and Haskell street. All work shall be done in accordance with the general specifications for such work, except that the gutters shall be four feet wide on the easterly side and three feet wide on the westerly side, and shall be laid on a bed of screenings or gravel not less than five inches thick and grouted with a cement grouting composed of one part of Portland cement to two parts of clean sharp sand.

And thereafter awarded the contract for said work to the lowest regular responsible bidder, to-wit, to The Oakland Paving Co. at the price named for such work in his proposal on file, and that the said award has been approved by the President.

Clerk's Office of the Town of Berkeley, December 20, 1905.

M. L. HANSBOM,

Clerk of Board of Trustees of the Town of Berkeley.

Francisco Street Sidewalk.

## NOTICE OF AWARD OF CONTRACT

PURSUANT TO STATUTE AND TO RESOLUTION of award of contract Number 58 A of the Board of Trustees of the Town of Berkeley, adopted December 20, 1905, directing this notice is hereby given that the said Board, in open session on the 20th day of December 1905, opened, examined and publicly declared all sealed proposals offered for the following work, to-wit:

That Francisco street in said town from the westerly line of Chestnut street to the easterly sidewalk line of San Pablo Avenue be sidewalked on the northern side of Francisco street with a four-foot wooden sidewalk, with one crosswalk across Curtis street, excepting from the above work that portion already laid.

And thereafter awarded the contract for said work to the lowest regular responsible bidder, to-wit, to John M. Creed, at the price named for such work in his proposal on file, and that the said award has been approved by the President.

Clerk's Office of the Town of Berkeley, December 24, 1905.

M. L. HANSBOM,

Clerk of Board of Trustees of the Town of Berkeley.

Berkeley, Dec. 24, 1905.

Grant Street Sewer.

## NOTICE OF AWARD OF CONTRACT

PURSUANT TO STATUTE AND TO RESOLUTION of award of contract Number 58 A of the Board of Trustees of the Town of Berkeley, adopted December 20, 1905, directing this notice is hereby given that the said Board, in open session on the 20th day of December 1905, opened, examined and publicly declared all sealed proposals offered for the following work, to-wit:

That Grant street in said town from the center line of University Avenue to a point 200 feet north of the center line of University Avenue be sidewalked with a six-inch vitrified iron pipe sewer to the official line and grade, with four-inch Y branches, one for each lot subdivision along the line of said work, and one lamp hole at the northern terminus of said work.

And thereafter awarded the contract for said work to the lowest regular responsible bidder, to-wit, to John Corbett, at the price named for such work in his proposal on file, and that the said award has been approved by the President.

Clerk's Office of the Town of Berkeley, December 24, 1905.

M. L. HANSBOM,

Clerk of Board of Trustees of the Town of Berkeley.

Dec. 24, 1905.

Notice to Contractors.

I am prepared to deliver on cars at any switch between Berkeley and Oakland, basalt rock at the following prices: for crushed basalt, \$1.20 per ton, R. R. weight (\$1.50 per yd.); for basalt gutter stones, \$1.60 per ton, R. R. weight (\$2.00 per yd.). E. R. THOMASON, Town 28, Phelan Building, San Francisco. 36-110

## BANCROFT'S BERKELEY BOOKSTORE

As usual at this season of the year, is packed with

## Holiday Goods.

They are all bought for cash at the very lowest price, and will be sold for cash, with a very small profit added.

We can afford to sell goods lower than the city stores, because our expenses are so much less.

Give us your order now, and we will fill it cheaper than you can procure it on this coast.

We mean what we say. Many have tried it, why not you. Anything you want, from a Penny whistle to a Piano.

Call at

Successor to

Co-operative Foot and Shoe Company

853 Washington Street,

Near 7th, Oakland.

For Bargains.

MISS K. TEAGUE

STATIONERY

Notions, Dry and Fancy Goods

SCHOOL SUPPLIES.

P. Office Block, West Berkeley

TELEPHONE

Van Laak Manufacturing

MANUFACTURERS OF

BRUSHES & BROOMS

Of all Kinds and Descriptions

Wholesale Dealers in

Wooden and Willowware

Factory West Berkeley

172

This Space belongs to the

OAKLAND

CANDY

FACTORY

373 Twelfth St, Oakland

H. H. HEYWOOD

THE C. O. D. GROCER

Has a Fresh Consignment of

Holiday Goods

—THE FINEST—

New Raisins,

Currents,

Dried and Canned Fruit

Nuts and Spices

WHICH HE OFFERS

To the people of Berkeley and vicinity

AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES.

H. H. HEYWOOD,

Cor. Delaware and Fifth Sts

WEST BERKELEY, CAL.

All

Night

Breathing

Through the

Welch Inhaler

while sleeping

Soothing, healing and healthgiving remedies,

which are carried by every breath drawn into

the tubercles, reaching the remotest part of

the head, throat and lungs.

William H. Brown, Agt.

61 Second St. 1 511 Francisco.

Dress

Suit

to

Order

\$20.00

JOE. LANCASTER,

970 Washington St,

Corner Tenth.

143

## KOHLEN &amp; CHASE

1013 BROADWAY Oakland, Cal.

## Keep in Stock all the Leading Makes of Pianos

Offering the most advanced and up-to-date instruments at the lowest prices

## New Bakery.

M. A. Perry has just opened up bakery and confectionery at the southwest corner of Calais and Fairview streets, Larkin. It will be a regular New England store. Call and see them.

## Murray's Coal Yard.

Is the place to go if you desire to get the best of coal, full weight and at lowest rates, also hay and grain. Eighth street near University avenue. 160

Fancy boxes and baskets and a little circus of paper mache goods are open for inspection at Mason's, 2128 Shattuck avenue. 35

A book box—it's new, and the neatest and cheapest thing out in the line of Christmas boxes for candy. Mason's Berkeley store. 35

A blind young girl, gifted test and business medium, answers questions and can be consulted on all affairs. Sittings daily, 50 cents. 1633 Sixth street, near Holyoke street, West Berkeley. 139

This Space Reserved for

FOCHA & ROGERS.

Men's and

Boys' Clothing

1060 Washington street,

bet. 11th and 12th, Oakland.

## BERKELEY

## Hardware and Repairing

Shattuck Avenue near Station.

General Hardware Garden Tools, Carpenters' Tools, etc. Looks Repaired, Keys Fitted, Saws Filed, Saws and Knives Ground, Sewing Machines Cleaned and Repaired, Lawn Mowers Sharpened. All Kinds of Jobs and Repairing Neatly Executed.

A. Erlandsen.

## Resolution Ordering the

Work No. 6 2A

RESOLVED THAT THE PUBLIC INTEREST and convenience require the work hereinafter described be done by the Town of Berkeley hereby order the following street work to be done according to the specifications attached and as contained in its Ordinance number 331, to-wit:

That the westerly side of Crisfield street in said town from the northern sidewalk line of Hopkins street to a point 630 feet north of the northern line of Gilman street, excepting from the above work that portion required by law to be kept in order or repair by any person or company having railroad tracks thereon, be sidewalked with a four-foot wooden sidewalk, with one crosswalk across the street, excepting from the above work that portion already laid.

The Clerk of this Board, the Town Clerk, is hereby directed to publish this Resolution for sealed proposals or bids for doing the work and referring to the specifications posted and on file, also for two days, in the Berkeley Gazette, a daily newspaper published and circulated in this town, hereby designated for that purpose. Said notice shall require a certified check or a bond, either as prescribed by law, and for an amount not less than ten per cent of the aggregate of the proposal.

Adopted by the Board of Trustees at meeting held December 20, 1905, by the following vote: Ayes, Trustees Gage, Jones, Cripps, Martin Durrell, Huff and President Richards.

Dec 24 21

M. L. HANSBOM,

Town Clerk.

Cedar Street, Sidewalk.

Notice Inviting Street

Work Proposals

PURSUANT TO STATUTE AND TO RESOLUTION of award of contract Number 58 A of the Board of Trustees of the Town of Berkeley, adopted December 20, 1905, directing this notice is hereby given that the said Board, in open session on the 20th day of December 1905, opened, examined and publicly declared all sealed proposals offered for the following work, to-wit:

That the southerly side of Cedar street in said town from the westerly sidewalk line of Grant street to the westerly sidewalk line of Louise street be sidewalked with a four-foot wooden sidewalk, and that three-foot wooden crosswalks be constructed as follows: One each across Edith street, Grant street and Grove street.

Bidders must file with each proposal or bid a check payable to the order of the President of the Board of Trustees of this town, certified by a responsible bank for an amount which shall be not less than 10 per cent of the aggregate of the proposal, or by a bond for the said amount, and so payable, signed by the bidder and by two sureties, who shall justify before any officer competent to administer an oath in double the said amount and over and above all statutory exemptions and must express their prices both in figures and words.

Clerk's Office, Town of Berkeley, Dec. 16, 1905.

M. L. HANSBOM,

Town Clerk and Clerk to said Board of Trustees.

Dec 16 21

MRS. FORD

Corset Maker and Fitter,

Price, \$2.50 to \$20

Every pair is fitted

and made to the figure

Price list of the most

useful makes. Good,

strong, in six colors,

\$2.50, large sizes, 3,

very deep and large,

\$3.50, foregoing corsets

in black, \$3.50, \$4.50,

\$5.50, and \$6.50.

We make them of

English Gossam, 34, 36,

and 38.

Alterations and re-

pairing done very re-

sponsible.

Come and try Mrs.

Ford's corsets, a Mrs.

is sure you will

be satisfied when you

do not buy them.

A Liberal Reduction in Prices for the next

Sixty Days.

Room 9, 1162 Washington St., 30 Oakland

## CHRISTMAS CHEER

Send us your Orders for Pure Wines and Liquors.

Call and inspect

## THE BIG WINE VAULTS

MOHNS & KALTENBACH,

29 MARKET ST. SAN FRANCISCO, NEAR OAKLAND FERRY.

Family Trade a Specialty.

We make Free Delivery.

We have Everything in our line.

Prices Moderate.



## Santa Claus Headquarters

A COMPLETE LINE OF CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES AND NOTIONS

TOYS

Any Quantity for the Boys and Girls. A large and new line of Christmas and Thelord ornaments for the trees. We have dolls, blocks, Story books, scrap albums, games, all sizes.

Call and See the Four Handsome Christmas Presents to Be Given Away.

Mrs. N. E. Williams

Delaware, Near Sixth Street

West Berkeley.

## DISOLUTION SALE

THE ENTIRE STOCK MUST BE SOLD.

For the Next 60 DAYS We Will Offer

Unprecedented Values

—Great Cut in Price on—

Men's Furnishing Goods, Men's, Boys, and

Children's Hats.

See our windows.

All goods marked in plain figures.

H.